WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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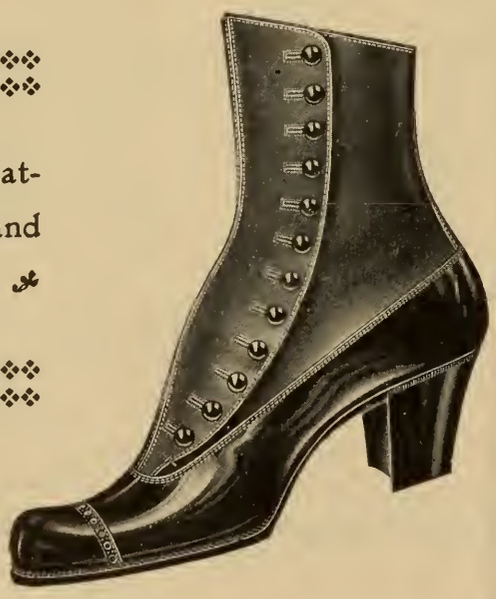

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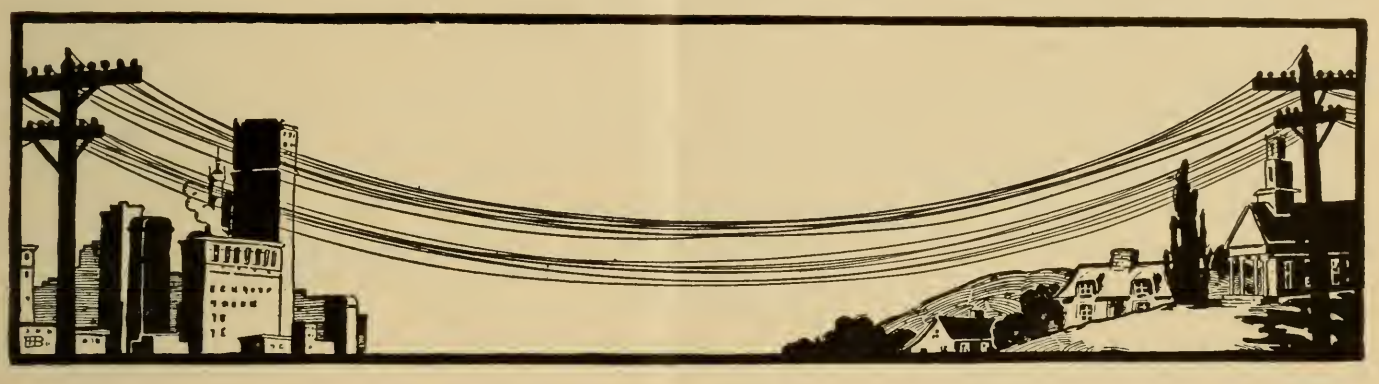

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN PHYSICIST.

The academic life of Wellesley College covers less than four decades, but these four decades have been more full of interest in the educational world than any since the Renaissance when the universities of Europe were opened.

The material equipment of the older American colleges has been almost completely renewed and enormously enlarged, while scores of colleges have been opened.

The academic calm of centuries has been stirred by hot controversies, which have enlivened the debates of the faculty meetings and student assemblies of the women's colleges as well as the men's, while all the earlier years of the period the outside public was discussing whether a woman's college had place in the academic world, or right to take part in its discussions.

In the historical review, which I have been asked to write, as I pass on the conduct of the Department of Physics, which has thus far from the beginning been my charge, I shall only attempt to sketch a few lines of development closely related to my work. Perhaps I may state my theme as the struggle of science for a place in the curriculum and of woman for a place among the scientists.

Not far from the time of the opening of Wellesley, Charles Francis Adams gave at Harvard, his famous Phi Beta Kappa address, entitled "The College Fetish." This was a plea for greater recognition of the new scientific learning in the college programs, which at that time were almost exclusively concerned with Latin, Greek and Mathematics.

This address was like a bolt from a clear sky striking supposed impregnable ramparts. Current literature was at once full of discussions of its heterodox views. A notable contribution was an article by President Eliot in the Century Magazine for 1884, "What is a Liberal Education." This article outlined a policy of advance, then startling for its innovations, but to-day an accomplished fact. He wished to see the program of school and college studies enlarged, a range of choice allowed, English pursued from start to finish, modern languages, then not offered in most colleges until Junior year, given larger opportunity, and place given to natural science. But he granted that little profit would come from studying natural science in a book or from lecture only. Before it could take its place it must be so taught as to offer to the student opportunity for himself of observing and judging.

Meantime at Geissen in Germany, under the chemist Liebig, and at Glasgow, under the physicist Thompson, and in the new world, at the lately founded Massachusetts Institute of Technology, under Pickering, the laboratory method of teaching science had been initiated.

Wellesley's attitude during this scientifico-classic warfare, as it was called, under Mr. Durant's leadership was to hold fast the old good while grasping the new. By sheer personal influence he set all the

Freshmen to studying Greek, and at the same time financed such equipments for the scientific departments, and inspired the training of teachers in methods which would put Wellesley in the front rank in the new learning. The student's laboratory in Physics at Wellesley, opened in 1878, was the second in America where now one is found in every high school.

In 1895 Wellesley, with other of the colleges, yielded to thepressure to permit certain sciences as an entrance unit in lieu of one year of language. This laid upon the head of the Department of Physics, which turned out to be the science most frequently offered, the duty of scrutinizing the note-books which represented the work done in all schools which wished to be on our accredited list. The number of books of students and schools passed upon in these years has reached the thousands. The development in the teaching has been amazing. To teach this science in the schools has become a profession, and from utter crudity and heterogeneity it has come to uniform standards of excellence.

Our own courses, meanwhile, have several times undergone remodelling. Until 1893 Physics was a rigid Junior requirement. Every student brought to this work the training of a year of Chemistry, a year of General Literature, which was a good drill in note taking and tabulating, and some freehand drawing in Freshman year. The class was homogeneous and of some maturity. In 1895 Physics became a free elective open to Freshmen, and ever since, while the first year's work has been of necessity less advanced, the department has been able to offer higher electives and give a wider training.

Not only has the teaching of Physics been remodeled in this period, but the subject itself. The foundations of modern advancement were laid in the early years of the nineteenth century, but little result appeared until about the time Wellesley opened. Lighting by the electric arc was new in Boston in 1881, and a student of the class of '83 one day reported on her return from Boston an amusing colloquy overheard on the train.

Said one gentleman: "Where do they get the electricity for these lights in the depot any way?" His companion replied: "Why my teacher used to show how to get it by rubbing things with catskin. I suppose they do the same now, only by machinery."

The young appointee at Wellesley had all her eyes and ears open at the great world exhibition in Philadelphia to celebrate our century of independence, as she went about with two scientists of international reputation kindly disposed to help her new venture. There were no makers of apparatus of precision at that time in America, and the exhibits of the English, German and French dealers enabled her to make up lists for the department equipment. Here she was present at one of the first private exhibitions of the then mysterious telephone, on a Sunday, since quiet was a necessity for a demonstration. Sir William Thompson, since so distinguished, was one of the group.

When the subject of electric lights in the library at Wellesley was first discussed, the management objected, believing they would be ruinous to the eyes. Few knew that Edison had just rendered practical an incandescent light less glaring than the arc.

A demonstration was announced in the Physical Lecture Room and some of the trustees and engineers about the place were present. The electricity for this exhibition was furnished by a battery of forty nitric acid cells which it was a day's work to set up. Lamps were loaned from the works of Mr. Edison for this early showing of the domestic light of the future, and before many months the smoky gas lights in the library and physical lecture room were supplanted by electricity, through the generosity of Professor Horsford. Thus the Department of Physics has followed all the development of practical electricity at Wellesley from the battery to the Power Plant.

Another Department of Physics in its infancy when Wellesley opened was Spectrum Analysis. In the sixties a few new elements had been discovered by its means, and what was happening on a "new star" in a remote quarter of the universe had been interpreted. Courses of lectures given in New York and Brooklyn, where I was teaching higher mathematics and classics, turned my studies into scientific lines. These lectures were illustrated by such brilliant experiments as I have not seen since, and served to bring this

fascinating subject before the public, but no one really foresaw that here was the key to unlock so many secrets of creation.

Nothing was known of the stars after all the centuries save their positions and motions. Just now a Wellesley graduate of '83 has undertaken the classification of two hundred thousand stars by their spectra, thus revising and extending all former work. By this means we expect to unfold the life history of worlds.

In 1876 scarcely more than the Newtonian octave of radiations, which we have a sense organ to detect, was known, but extending his senses by intellectual processes and the invention of "heat eyes" and "electric eyes" and other radiation-detectors, a range of radiations of yet undeveloped potency has been added, so that the subjects upon which the advanced students in the Department of Physics in later years have spent their time, did not exist to interest the first classes.

The teaching of any subject is helped by the attrition of mind upon mind, and this is especially true in science, for here there is added to the world of books a world of things to be dealt with,—apparatus which must be purchased, a large business side to the work, delicate instruments which must be made to work, and again and again the "total depravity of inanimate things" to be conquered.

In the Physical Society of America, of six hundred and nineteen members, there are yet but seventeen women and for many years the writer was almost alone in college work in this line, meeting the somewhat nerve-wearing experience of constantly being in places where a woman was not expected to be, and doing what women did not conventionally do. Physics, with its basis of higher mathematics and its necessity for some mechanical skill in dealing with apparatus, had not been reckoned among the ladylike subjects.

I wish to record the chivalry of Mr. Durant, who personally introduced me for my studies as the first woman in Physics at the Institute of Technology, who went about with me in the back streets of Boston, where it was unusual for a lady to go, to introduce me to the mechanicians and instrument makers with whom I must deal.

Also I must record the unfailing helpfulness all the first years of the late Professor Barker of the University of Pennsylvania, whom I might call my scientific father. He kept me informed of what was going on in Physics, for there were no weekly scientific periodicals then as now. He planned a visit to the first electrical exhibit in Philadelphia, which was a great revelation, and also a wonderful day in New York when we went over the lately-set-up electric lamp factory, lunched with Mr. Edison at an uptown hotel and in the afternoon visited the dynamo factory and the first central lighting plant in Front street, New York. Such opportunities meant much in the early eighties when so little was yet in books.

My visits to the older colleges and universities to find what others were doing that we might properly estimate our standards, furnished some amusing experiences, accompanied, however, with almost unfailing courtesy and helpfulness.

One Professor thought it beyond belief that a lady could ask questions about the best forms of apparatus for Wheatstone Bridge measurements in electricity; one considered all schemes of student laboratory work preposterous. He could not tolerate the thought of "students bothering around."

But the English and continental savants, while infinitely kind, were even more evidently puzzled. In 1889 I had the privilege of visiting all the principal laboratories of England and of meeting the famous investigators. It was interesting to be present at the meeting of the British Association and sit in "Section A" to hear the newly-discovered electric waves discussed by Kelvin and Rayleigh, Lodge and Fitzgerald and the American Rowland. That, in less than twenty-five years, these waves would carry messages from continent to continent, around the world, was not even dreamed.

Among most notable experiences was a day spent in Lord Kelvin's research laboratory where I effaced myself as much as possible, and watched the master-mind direct the work of several skilled assistants, thus finding how the mind of an inventor works in framing his questions to nature; another was a luncheon given by Professor and Mrs. Adams of Neptune fame, in his fellow's rooms at Pembroke College, Cambridge, with the old college

plate out, and the typical college butler to serve; another was a dinner at Emanuel House, Cambridge, given by the wife of one of the staff of Physics. The lately-appointed precocious young Professor John Joseph Thompson was a guest, and it was interesting thus early to become acquainted with one now foremost in the world of science.

Another experience was with Sir William Crooks who voiced the inward query of many of these gentlemen. After an hour in his laboratories where experiments were going on at the basis of many developments in spectrum analysis, incandescent lighting and the X-rays, he begged me to be seated beside the fire in his elegant study before going down to dinner with Mrs. Crooks. He seated himself opposite and thoughtfully poked the fire;—"What would become of the buttons and the breakfasts if all the ladies should know so much about spectroscopes?" he questioned.

In reply to this and frequent like queries from the Wellesley preachers and visitors on this as well as the other side of the water I have always tried to give the questioner an "arrest of thought" to consider why exact science and domesticity should be more mutually exclusive than—domesticity and novel reading, or theater-going, or even the study of language and literature. It is only a question of choice as to the subject upon which one will spend time.

I recall a few incidents on the continent at this date. In Leyden, Holland, where now women are freely admitted to the universities, we were in a museum where I wished to see historic apparatus connected with early investigation in electricity, the Leyden jar, etc. We were asking questions which the attendant was unable to answer, when a savant sitting at a study table had his interest and curiosity aroused, and finally came to the rescue and did the honors for an hour, his wonder growing with what he considered the intelligence of his guests on unusual subjects. Finally in the section of the museum showing physical and astronomical apparatus when I appeared to recognize just what I wished to see, he turned to me with the exclamation, "Sie haben euen Kopf wo komt es." "You have a head, where did you get it." I explained as well as my German would permit that Physics was my department of teaching in a college for women in the new world. He finally bowed us out of the doors, saying he had never met such ladies; we seemed to him like angels from another sphere.

At Heidelberg, where we stayed some months working at German and "listening" every morning from class to class in the Tochter-Schule, the professor called in response to my letter of introduction. He invited me to the laboratories "where no students were then," showed all the details of interesting researches, but finally was sure that the men must do the family marketing in America if the ladies gave themselves to study. Similar experiences followed at Leipzig.

At Berlin, Professor Horsford had secured a "friend at court" in his fellow pupil at Giessen, the distinguished chemist Hofmann.

I had been fortunate to meet this distinguished scientist when he came to this country, and had a medal struck in his honor by the Chemical Society. He called to find of what service he could be. I told him I hoped to see the laboratories of Helmholtz, so famous for work in sound, I wished to see the meteorological service under von Bezold, and the researches going on under Kundt. I said if I were an American young man instead of a woman, I should hope to frequent the lecture rooms.

Professor von Hofmann replied, "you can come to my lectures and I will see Kundt."

It was a matter of much surprise to my friends among the American students when a permit came to attend lectures of Kundt and von Bezold.

After the first lecture by Kundt, who seemed much upset by the unusual listeners on the front seats, I was ushered into his private laboratory, where, after a few sufficiently intelligent questions and remarks he exclaimed, "Ich bin ganz erstaunt," and his face expressed his astonishment. A favorite American research-student just then appeared, and did not permit the story of Wellesley and its work for women to suffer in the telling.

At the technical school at Charlottenberg the professor was sure he must be receiving the second Mary Somerville and wondered at the century which could produce two. I had difficulty in making the vast difference clear.

The Heidelberg professor wrote rather

an apologetic letter after the Berlin experience. "I must remember that a little country university could not do what a great urban one could, it would be talked about and criticised by everyone." In Berlin the wife of Professor von Hofmann was anything but cordial when I called after one of the lectures, and said to her husband in my presence, "You will get yourself into trouble with the ministry by such irregularities."

It is said if the driver can hold the nose of the frightened thoroughbred to the barrel long enough he will go by. Several other Wellesley representatives presented themselves at these university centers in quick succession, and in the nineties, one of them secured her degree at Gottingen. Now nothing is closed.

In 1896, after years of peeping in cracks and opening back doors, I determined to walk up to the registrar's desk with the crowd, and matriculate at the University of Edinburg, just opened to women, after years of effort. Professor Tait was said to be unsurpassed as a teacher of general and mathematical Physics, and Professor Crystal in pure Mathematics. The reply to my personal note to Professor Tait was frank: "Two years ago I should have said no, now I have nothing to say." I had a most interesting and profitable winter. The professor proved to be a tame bear, and I was not absent from the classroom when he did not send around to inquire if the Edinburg winter climate was proving too much for me.

At the brilliant reception given by Professor Copeland at the opening of the new Edinburg Observatory, Mr. Bucan, the meteorologist, and Aitken, who had found methods to count the number of dust particles in a cubic centimeter of air, and Sir James Murray of Challenger fame, parleyed together whether it would be revolutionary to invite the American teacher to the first meeting for the year of the Royal Society of Edinburg. The second gentleman I named, and a judge, whose name I do not remember, thought it would never do, but it did, and I was permitted to invite my hostess in Edinburg, the wife of a member of Parliament and daughter of the professor in the medical school who started a physiological laboratory. She was delighted to enter the sacred precincts of the Royal Institution on the Mound, as was the wife of the Glasgow professor who gave the paper with most unusual experiments. She had never heard her husband give a scientific address. The Vice-president (Lord Kelvin, the President, was absent) began by stating it gave him pleasure to open the four hundred and something meeting of the Royal Society and the first where ladies were welcomed. I doubt not some of these and other exceptions I might relate occurred because the visitor was considered so insignificant and so exceptional that no dangerous precedent would be established. Certainly that was the case in London when Professor Dewar sent a note saying he would make an exception in my case, and invite me to come to the Royal Institution that afternoon when the apparatus for freezing air was in operation. This was in 1896, when the struggle of the human intellect to compel the little particles of gases to clasp hands and enter the liquid and the solid state was fierce. Shortly after hydrogen had to yield to Professor Dewar, and ten years later, in 1906, I was fortunate to be in Leyden and feel the thrill of excitement, when Professor Onnes had just succeeded in freezing Helium and bringing the absolute zero almost in sight. I might multiply stories of experiences in this and other countries at scientific gatherings and university centers. The pioneer work is mostly done by groups of women in the different lines of scientific activity, and most doors are open to women, but there is much yet to meet.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the women in science in that fellowship with kindred workers which is so desirable, is the German importation of the "smoker" which has come in comparatively late years. Most women, and men, too, for that matter, feel that women are not in their proper environment in the dense cloud of smoke which envelops scientific and academic banquets where fine talk should be the feature of the hour. It is the same thing which enters into the feeling of the boys in receiving women into the colleges. They are not quite beyond the feeling that they ought to behave better when women are present. I trust women among the college boys and among the scientists will never let them get over that feeling.

Administrative and foundation work has

had to occupy the older women in science, the younger women are showing their power in research and will justify their opportunities. This is the woman's century, and I believe in a woman's century, because I have faith that they will make it a better world, not only for women but for men,—for humanity.

SARAH F. WHITING.

ON THE "PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN NORRIS OF BEMERTON."

BY FLORA I. MACKINNON, 1907, M.A., 1909.

On certain shelves of the Wellesley College Library, behind carefully locked doors, are kept the theses which have been presented for the Master's degree. The subjects are varied, for all departments are represented, and the thesis, unlike history, does not, presumably, repeat itself. But amongst them is a surprisingly large number of one type of subject which represents an interesting phase of the research work for which this degree at Wellesley calls, and shows a field in which much valuable work can yet be done. We are all familiar with the zeal of the book collector. Hardly a day passes without the record of the passing from hand to hand of some rare and valuable old volume, an exchange in which much real interest, as well as large sums of money, are often involved. No one will deny the value of work of this kind, which keeps intact precious volumes. But there is another form of the love of books, which has a value as certain as that of the collector and can indeed well supplement his work. In this, time and intelligence and interest are the price to be paid, for it takes the rare old book, and by reprinting, editing, or perhaps by merely summarizing its contents, puts it within the reach of those who might otherwise never have the opportunity of knowing it. Far hidden away in many a quiet corner are essays and poems, letters and treatises of very real interest. Some of them are out of print and practically unknown, but many of them form the connecting link between the great masterpieces of thought. The unknown writings of any period—the casual letters or little treatises of the great men, or the laboriously written life works of the lesser ones have a deep significance to the student of the history of thought in any form. So the bringing forth of works such as these has a very real value in itself, and is an especially desirable form for graduate work to take. In many colleges the Master's degree demands original work. Now, original work means either an original method of dealing with an old subject, or originality of subject. But real originality in dealing with well-known problems requires a maturity of judgment, and a wealth of information rarely found in the recent graduate. This type of subject, by presenting originality of material, rather than of treatment, makes possible a really valuable contribution to the sum total of knowledge, while it requires scholarly work on the part of the student. An especially interesting example of this was the thesis presented to the English Literature Department, this June, in the editing of the minor poems of Dr. Joseph Beaumont from a manuscript which Professor Palmer has in his possession, and which he kindly loaned for the purpose. It is eminently desirable that publications such as these should take a still more permanent and general form, but even when this is not possible this new Master of Arts has not only done a bit of work complete in itself and so of inestimable value to herself, but she has made at least one copy of these poems available in the typewritten column which will henceforth be found on the Wellesley shelves with its fellow theses.

In the field of Philosophy, there is much opportunity for such research. Students have been so occupied with the vital books, with translating and editing them, commenting upon and explaining them, that the lesser ones have rested in a dusty and uninterrupted darkness. A period which has noticeably suffered this neglect is that of the English Platonists of the later seventeenth and early eighteenth century. Illustrating as they do, the transition from the dualism of Descartes and Locke to the idealism of Berkeley, they represent an important phase in the growth of

philisophical thought. Yet they are comparatively unknown to the general student of philosophy. Wellesley has already edited one book of this period, Arthur Collier's "Claris Universalis," and in 1909 Miss MacKinnon made available the works of another of these English Platonists through her exposition of the life-work of John Norris—an exposition which in October, 1910, was brought out by the Psychological Review publication in the form of a philosophical monograph. In this form it has been reviewed in the current philosophical magazine as "an excellent monograph which will be welcomed by all students of the history of English thought." For the work of John Norris, although less original than certain other books of this group of men, is especially interesting as showing the struggle of original thought to escape from the shackles of scholasticism. The book itself, quaint, mystical, and representative of the combination of religious and philosophical thought which marks this period is "An Essay Towards the Theory of the Ideal or Intelligible World. Designed for Two Parts. The first considering it absolutely in itself, and the second in relation of Human Understanding," by John Norris, Rector of Bemerton near Sarum. The first volume was published in 1701 and the second in 1704.

In her exposition of this book, Miss MacKinnon does not attempt to give anything of the style or form of Norris's work, but besides the brief account of his life, gives a concise summary of his philosophy as it is in itself, and as it is related to that which preceded, and that which followed after it. Norris was born in 1657 in a little village in Wiltshire, was educated at Oxford, and later lived the quiet, retired life of a country clergyman. As he mingled little with the world, his philosophy is the outcome of his earlier studies and his individual thought. It is an excellent example of the thought of that time, which struggled to reconcile reason and religion and believed that all the problems of theology could be solved by the right application of philosophical principles. An ardent disciple of Plato, and a student of Des Cartes, Norris yet adopted Malebranche as his master, and attempted to carry out his arguments to their logical conclousins. For, as he says, "Mr. Malebranche has ventured the farthest of any that I know of upon this Discovery (into the Ideal World)." . . But even this great Appeles has drawn the Celestial Beauty but half-way." Rejecting the Cartesian dualism, he believes that there is but the one spiritual substance, God, and in this substance is contained the world of ideas which is the archetype of the Natural World, and that it is impossible to prove the existence of this Natural World. And here we find the point which is most vital and yet the weakest in Norris's philosophy—for though he is more insistent than is Malebranche upon the impossibility of the existence of this Natural World, he still says that it must exist. His scholastic training and conservative mind make it impossible for him to cast aside the long-accepted "Natural World," though he can find no reason for believing its existence possible. This refusal to accept the new theory even when he has proved it true, marks the mind of the man still bound by scholasticism, and illuminates by contrast the courage with which Berkeley and Collier grasped the inevitable conclusion, that matter, as a separate entity, could not exist.

This is the rough summary of Norris's standpoint in philosophical thought. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the care and detail with which Miss MacKinnon has presented his theory. Anyone familiar with the scholastic writings which so strongly influence Norris, will appreciate the logical form of this thesis. Miss MacKinnon has disentangled the argument from the mass of illustration and quotation, and put it clearly before us. Dr. Lovejoy justly says that her "exposition of Norris's metaphysics and her account of the courses of his ideas are done in a thoroughly careful and scholarly fashion, and with a brevity which can hardly have been learned from the subject of the analysis." It is significant of the thoroughness with which this thesis treats its subject that the answer to all relative questions may be found within its covers. The careful foot-notes give the references to the works of Norris, Malebranche and Des Cartes, and also to Plotinus, Thomas Aquinas and the many other authorities whom Norris is constantly citing to uphold his theory. At the end of the monograph are given the complete bibliogra-

phies of the writings of Norris and Malebranche, and a list of the Cambridge Platonists and their principal works. A careful index of all writers to whom reference has been made in the course of the study completed this exposition, and makes all its information easy of access to the students.

In this piece of work, Miss MacKinnon may well feel that she has made a real addition to the history of philosophic thought, and given a useful book to the literature of philosophy. For, although philosophy, perhaps more than any other subject, should be studied in the original writings, there are certain of the less important books which can be more satisfactorily known to the general student through an adequate summary—with perhaps a cursory glance at the original for the form and style of the author. I am sure a clearer idea of the contents of the "Theory of the Ideal World" can be gained by the study of this thesis than would be possible by spending much more time in reading through the mass of quotation, illustration and rhapsody with which Norris obscured his argument.

Work of this kind bears more the nature of that required for the Doctor's degree than that ordinarily demanded for the Master's. Miss MacKinnon is to be congratulated on her scholarly work, and Wellesley is to be congratulated for inspiring and requiring it. At present an intercollegiate standard of Masters of Art work is not fixed. Many colleges give the degree for one year of work after the Bachelor's degree has been taken, with no thesis or even examination requirements. For years Wellesley has required a definite number of courses in addition to thesis work of an original character. Chicago and Cornell follow this plan, and Yale has recently increased its requirements for the Master's degree. Judging from present indications, the Master's degree of the future will stand for work of the quality although not of the quantity of the Doctor's work, and it is interesting to those who take pride in Wellesley's scholarships to know that now for many years this standard has been held secure for the Master's degree.

ETHEL BOWMAN, 1900.

THE MINOR CLUBS AT WELLESLEY.

Aside from the numerous well-known organizations of various kinds at Wellesley there are many smaller clubs, some that have aroused our curiosity, others that have never even come to our attention. We are familiar through the columns of this publication and through our own power of imagination with the activities of the Student Government Association, the Christian Association and its branches, the Athletic Association and its sports, the Barnswallows' Society, the class organizations and the societies, but with the Social Study Circle, the Alliance Francaise, the Scribblers' Club, the Rhode Island Club, and the like, our acquaintance is for the most part very slight.

These minor organizations may be divided into three main kinds: those whose "work" consists in lectures or talks, usually followed by informal discussions, for which the members make no preparation, those whose "work" requires considerable preparation by the members, and those that are purely social. This classification follows that given in the recently revised regulations in regard to "Membership in Student Organizations."

The lecture group brings to the college many interesting speakers, who are widely enjoyed. The Philosophy and Education Clubs are closely allied with their respective college departments, and the heads of the departments are the vice-presidents for the clubs. The membership is made up of advanced students in these subjects. The Philosophy Club has an opening business and social meeting and during the year two lectures, to which each member may invite two guests. This year one lecture has been on a subject in abnormal psychology and the second lecture is to be on a philosophical subject. The Education Club has three meetings addressed by outside speakers, usually superintendents of schools, or some other authority

in education. The Equal Suffrage League differs from all the other organizations because it is partisan. It tries, however, to be open-minded by admitting to associate membership any who are interested in the matter, though they are not believers in woman's suffrage, and by having one of its two informal meetings addressed by an anti-suffragist. The first of its two formal open meetings this year was addressed by Dr. Anna Shaw. The Social Study Circle is addressed informally by members of the Faculty and by occasional outside guests, and informal discussion ensues. The general subject for this year is "Recent Social Progress in the United States." The Circle meets nine times in the year, is open to every one, and is enthusiastically attended.

The Consumers' League and the College Settlements Association, because of their philanthropic nature and general appeal, have larger memberships than any of the others, about four or five hundred each. The Consumers' League has dues of but twenty-five cents. It wins many to its principles by sending to each college home, before pay day, some one to explain what the League is and to plead its cause. The League, besides, upholds the well-known principles of the national Consumers' League, has charge of one of the regular mid-week meetings of the Christian Association and has a joint meeting each year with the College Settlements Association. College Settlements has a fee of a dollar and a quarter, which goes toward College Settlement support. The Association at Wellesley secures speakers for two of the college's regular Sunday evening services. It also sees that on the second Thursday of each month Denison House is furnished with some kind of entertainment by Wellesley girls, and it gets girls and members of the Faculty to dress dolls for Denison House, and it raises money for Denison House's Christmas celebration by exhibiting these dolls and selling candy at the annual "Doll Show." The work of the College Settlements Association is so well distributed amongst its many members that it is rightly placed in this group of organizations that do not take much of a member's time.

The organizations of the next group take the members' time, in preparation both for their work and their play. The Circulo Castellano, the Deutscher Verein, and the Alliance Francaise are made up of advanced students in these several languages and each has eight or nine meetings annually. These meetings are varied. The Circulo Castellano numbers about twenty-five. The members report at each meeting on the events of the month in Spain. This is followed by music, or representations of pictures by Spanish artists, or discussion of Spanish writers. At the open meeting in May a play representative of Spanish customs or a Spanish festival is given.

The Alliance Francaise numbers about one hundred and fifty. Its meetings include a reception for new members, with perhaps a short French play for entertainment, a truly French Christmas party, a play by the Faculty of the club, a lecture, a picnic. The Deutscher Verein numbers about eighty-five, a smaller number than that of the Alliance because of more strict membership requirements. Its meetings include lectures and talks by members of the Faculty on phases of German life, a German Christmas party with a play, a "Kaffee Klatsch." Last year the enjoyment of the Christmas party was enhanced by the guests, about twenty little German children from the precincts of Denison House.

The work of Scribblers' and the Debating Club is suggested in their names. The Scribblers meet every other week to read what they have written and to criticize each other's productions. The Debating Club has three informal and four formal debates, one of which is open to the college at large. Members of the Faculty act as judges.

The local clubs, namely, the Southern Club, the Maine Club, and the Rhode Island Club, have no higher aim than a few pleasant dinners together. Whether the viands are appropriate to the localities does not appear on the records.

We have so far had the undergraduates in mind. However, the graduate students may belong to all these clubs and besides have their own special organizations. The Graduate Club has about forty active members and twenty-five associate members from the Faculty. Its aim is the two-fold one of social intercourse and promotion of interest in graduate study.

It takes tea informally every Friday and meets formally once a month.

If you miss any old friends from the list, know that they are not now active. Surely there are still enough. And surely, too, these that we have attempted to tell about deserve to exist; for they either supplement, broaden, apply the class-room work, or else they promote good fellowship among people naturally interested in the same lines of work, and in many cases they accomplish both excellent ends.

SARAH J. WOODWARD, 1905.

A REPORT FROM THE GRADUATE COMMITTEE.

The number of graduate students in residence this year is twenty-eight, of whom eighteen began their work for the second degree this fall. There are also eleven students who were in residence last year who are finishing their work,—in most cases the thesis only,—in non-residence and who will be candidates for the degree in June, 1913.

Nine colleges are represented by these twenty-eight students as follows: Wellesley College by nineteen, Indiana University by two, and Iowa University, Michigan University, Mt. Holyoke College, University of Tennessee, Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Southwestern University and University of Texas by one each.

Their work is distributed among seventeen departments as follows:

Art	2
Biblical History	1
Botany	3
Comparative Philology	1
Economics	1
Education	4
English Literature	7
English Language	3
French	2
Geology and Geography	1
Greek	1
History	1
Latin	2
Philosophy and Psychology	7
Physics	1
Pure Mathematics	1
Zoology	1

As usual, a number of these students, nine in the present year, are acting as "graduate assistants" in the department in which they are working for the Master of Arts degree, and a small number of instructors in the college are availing themselves of the opportunities offered them here for graduate work.

Twenty of the graduate scholarships offered by the college have been awarded. Both the Susan M. Hallowell Fellowship and the Mary E. Horton Fellowship offered by the Wellesley College Alumnæ Association were awarded to Wellesley graduates for study at other institutions, so that there is no Fellow in residence this year.

KATHARINE M. EDWARDS, Chairman.

A GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP: AN APPRECIATION.

To the Alumnæ of Wellesley College:

I should be very happy if I could tell you my appreciation of your gift to me.

You, as daughters of Wellesley, know how much you love her beautiful traditions, her wholesome college spirit and her high standard of scholarship; but I love these things especially well because they come as a gift from you.

Last year, as I realized the scholarship, strength and goodness of Miss Whiting, and as I had the great privelege of knowing Miss Bates, I knew the good gift that you had given me. And in the spring, during the festivities and pageants on Wellesley's campus, I felt the beauty of your gift.

At one time a college education seemed almost an impossibility, but it was finally realized; and then, graduate study and a master's degree could be perceived only at the end of a long and weary road of sacrifice and self-denial. But you gave them to me and with them the spirit of "The College Beautiful." How can I thank you? How can I prove myself worthy? I trust that sometime I may in some measure meet your ideals of a true daughter of Wellesley.

Grace Munson.

Holder of the Mary E. Horton Fellowship for 1911-1912.

A LETTER FROM FRANCES TAFT, THE PIONEER OF WELLESLEY WORK IN NORTH CHINA.

As you might judge, even if you had not heard, last year's work was rather out of the ordinary. We were in the Foreign Concessions of Tientsin as refugees with hundreds of wealthy Chinese and Manchus who were refugeeing also. It gave us a unique opportunity, however, to get into touch with women and girls who are usually shut away from us. We had a reception for them, lectures, magic-lantern talks, a concert and ended up with the Christmas message. Our British Secreary, who was ready to do definite work last year, as she had nearly completed her language study, led a Bible class for the Women's Army Girls. They asked for it themselves; they said they wanted to investigate and see what this Christian religion stood for and they took up the study in earnest. These girls were actually drilled by the regular army officers and they studied military tactics. In all there were about forty of them. It gave one a shock to go into their rooms and see cartridges and military charts spread out on their desks! They are ready for anything and everything new, and of course that is the danger. After Christmas, Miss Saxelby, our British co-worker, was called to Shanghai to help with the refugees down there. The Young Women's Christian Association did splendid work among the women that had fled there from the Yangtse Valley district, helping them find quarters in which to live, offering them lectures along the lines of nursing and general knowledge and making them feel that they had friends in the strange city.

But this year, we are really opening up work! Our Provisional Advisory Committee, formed of foreign and Chinese women here in Tientsin, have begun their work with hopeful enthusiasm. We have almost finished the arrangements for a large, two-storied brick house, in the French Concession, and we hope to move in shortly. The committee feels that as the Chinese are still living in the Concessions in large numbers, it would be wiser to rent this house for a year and work among them. Then next year, when we hope all will be quiet, the women will be moving back to their homes in other cities and to the Chinese city of Tientsin, called Hopei. Then we shall move, too, and live in the Chinese city with them. That is where we are to be located permanently for this Tientsin work,—in Hopei, and 'tis there that we hope to build our building in the years to come. As the Young Men's Christian Association had to begin in Tientsin and then branch out to Peking,

we find we shall have to follow that course also. Once we have established the work here and proved its usefulness, we will take steps to enter Peking, where the Wellesley work is to be ultimately. But being pioneers, we have to move slowly and build a firm foundation.

Tientsin is a big educationa center and has a splendid government Normal School for Girls, to which girls are sent from all over the country. Our main work is among these Government School girls, both from this and the other schools in the city. They are interested in Bible study and welcome the opportunity to enter Bible classes. Some speak English quite well and are ready for social afternoons for the practice of conversational English or reading circles, taking up the works of Scott and Dickens and others. Then, just at present, they are very anxious to learn how to make foreign clothes, so we have received a petition for a dress-making class, with instructions as to how to use the machine.

The special piece of work that has been delegated to me is that of organizing an association in the large private school here in the Concessions. It is under the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Mission and draws a great number of the wealthy girls of the city, and at present, from the refugees also. It is of High School grade, although some of the girls are older than the average American High School girl. Nearly all are so ladylike and refined that 'tis a pleasure to know them. In this school there are some strong Christian girls and numbers who are non-Christian. It is wonderful for our work, just now, at the beginning, to have had such a warm invitation to this particular school, for it stands so high in the minds of the Chinese.

As soon as the girls come back from their vacation, we shall begin organizing. It will be on the plan of our own Wellesley Christian Association. There will be the Board with the chairmen of the different committees on it, such as the Membership, Bible Study, Social, Religious Meetings and Extension Committees. These will do practically what those same Committees do back at college, excepting the Extension Committee, whose work it is to arrange for meetings among the hospitals every week. I can hardly wait for the girls to return, so we can begin.

Then there is another group of women who need the Association, the young wives of the students who have been educated abroad. They feel so far behind their husbands that they are anxious for anything that will help establish a point of contact with them when they return. Of course there are some of these women who are indifferent, but then usually the husbands take steps to have them learn new things. So we are helping them with English classes and Bible classes. Then, too, we are ready to help them with foreign cooking classes. These have been suggested by the Chinese and if we find they really intend to take them seriously, of course, we shall be glad to help them in this way, too.

In this house that we are renting is a large Association room, where the girls and women may feel at home, and I am looking forward to the social afternoons with them, for I believe there is a great deal that can be done for them along these lines.

In this room will be the Association Library; all the books that have been translated into Chinese, that are good for girls and women, both secular and religious. This is open to members. There will be a reading table, and also a system by which books can be taken home. This ought to mean a very great deal to them, for there is such a dearth of good reading in this country.

This is only the beginning of things, as yet, but oh, the possibilities and the opportunities! We could do any amount more, if there were more secretaries, but we do not spend much time thinking of that because our thankfulness and gratitude for what we are permitted to do take up all our minds.

FRANCES L. TAFT, 1909.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Socialism and Character," Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Inseparable from the personality of its author is Miss Scudder's "Socialism and Character." Its pages are illumined alike by the social idealism of her flame-like spirit and the brilliance of her keen and fearless mind. She early admits that to her "the word, Socialism, glows with a deep, uncompromising red. Be it remembered, nevertheless," she continues, "that the hue of blood and flame is the hue for the Feast Days of 'the Lord and Giver of Life,' the Spirit of Pentecost." For her, "The spiritual harvest, the fruits of character, are the only result worth noting in any economic order." The book is written from this point of view,—considering socialism fundamentally in its "more intimate reactions on personality" and sounding the fresh and vital note of "Moral Preparation for a New Order." It is thus distinctive in the welter of books on the present social crisis, it is, however, most profoundly significant because it reveals the spiritual history of so weariless a seeker as Miss Scudder after that reconciliation of "holiness and efficiency," which seems attainable under socialism.

Misery over the hideous cruelty and waste of our civilization, social compunction, spiritual anguish at the discord between religious ideals and inevitable social practice, started her on the long, arduous quest which has led to belief that socialism promises at once the mechanism by which the ugly poverty of our era must disappear and a gloriously bracing challenge to the human spirit to achieve unparalleled heights,—"not in isolation, but in fellowship; not in self-seeking but in a giving of self to the uttermost; not in personality shut in upon itself but in an equal interchange of love attaining that highest unity which only differentiation can produce." The quest involves penetrating study of history; searching inquiry into the thought of the great spiritual leaders of the past and their relation to their time; careful consideration of the philanthropy, the reform and the ethics of our own civilization, and finally frank and fearless scrutiny of socialism,—its bases, its dangers, its rich potentialities.

In the first part of the book, the dilemma of the seeker is outlined,—her failure to affect the intolerable injustice she sees about her, or to ease social compunction by "Organized Charity scrimped and iced," or by the merely remedial measures of reform. The masters, the great social thinkers of the nineteenth century, offer no adequate escape. Even Tolstoi, spiritual Titan of his age, "died, worsted and pitiful in his effort to escape the burden of communal guilt, the most significant, most appealing, most futile figure of this strange modern world." The seeker is in darkest despair until "out of the great earth-murmur that rises from the actual life of men" she hears the voice of a new force that seeks to "transform our existing civilization through the co-ordination of the collective will."

This force was scientific socialism, the "union of evolutionary and democratic ideals." Few more illuminating discussions of its first principles are available than that embodied in Part II of Miss Scudder's book. She clearly states the central socialist principle, "the necessity of social welfare that a large proportion of wealth-producing wealth be socially owned." She recognizes that since the property-instinct is "holy and creative," it is wrong for its expression to be confined to one-tenth of the population. The socialists desire that "property privileges . . . be thrown open widely as the good gifts of the good earth" to the now dispossessed nine-tenths. These will come into their own impelled by economic necessity and by means of no less terrible an instrument than the class war. This mighty force surges with the "urge of life requisite to a history-creating movement." Bitter though it would be and cruel, Miss Scudder discerns its two precious results, "its inner disciplines and its powers to widen sympathies." Paradoxically enough the socialists fostering the passion of class-feeling are the only group to-day aiming at the destruction of class-distinctions. To those who join in the class struggle it offers "rare opportunity for self-obliteration and sacrifice," that force which must act in harmony with the "primal urge of life for self-realization" to assure "sane and sound progress." Irresistible economic forces are at work and we cannot stay their

onward sweep, but we can set ourselves that high task of supplying the spiritual dynamic, of infusing into the "Body of the coming social order, what soul we will."

The need for this and the opportunity are the theme of the third and fourth parts of the book,—the parts which most distinguish it as the harvest of Miss Scudder's own rich spiritual life, and which, therefore, peculiarly represent her rare and beautiful contribution to the literature of socialism.

Inevitable, history teaches, is the passing of our ugly and ruthless competitive civilization with its noxious ethical correlate, the personal ideal of commercial cleverness and defiant self-protection. Inevitable likewise, the coming discipline for the common welfare. With engaging frankness our new socialist seeker portrays the dread possibilities of the "coming slavery" unless the new order be the result of inward transformation rather than of external application. This discipline under socialism may conceivably prove "competent to shape human life to nobler likeness . . the means to check the self-indulgence that enervates the modern world and the egotism that blasts us like disease," and at the same time to usher in "true liberty, which consists in the power bestowed by the community upon its every member to rise to the level of his richest capacity by living in harmony with the whole."

In her brilliant discussion of the "Ethics of Inequality" Miss Scudder pitilessly arraigns the unlovely virtues of the most "respectable" to-day. "The paradox," she concludes, "by which the virtues which religion most honors are seen to function as a destructive or . . negative force flashes out in its naked cruelty to thinking minds." She turns joyously to the contemplation of the "Ethics of Equality" under the co-operative commonwealth, a social order looming before our vision in which "justice will replace that free, fierce conflict between self-interest and love in which love gets so systematically the worst of it through the ages," and in which the precepts of Jesus can at last be "practiced without social waste."

Thus ending the discussion of the titular subject of the book, Miss Scudder might have put down her inspired pen, but happily realizing that "ethics alone will never satisfy the human soul so long as the stars shine overhead," she climactically speculates upon the "Future of Religion." For, she maintains, "religion is not the most personal, but the most social of phenomena, the spiritual atmosphere is as all pervading as the physical, and is equally sensitive to social pollution. The spiritual exhalations of our vulgar and cruel democracy have accurately corresponded to the physical and are equally noxious." And there is "reason to believe that the social democracy will clear the spiritual air."

She touches upon the most fascinating phenomenon of our time, that which gives us the deepest sense of cosmic purpose,—"the new fellowship between East and West." Science in the West has been miraculously advancing while "ancient philosophic wisdom" has been deeply brooding in the East. The relation between these two and socialism is increasingly discernible and profoundly stirring to the imagination. "In the great Providence that rules the destinies of the peoples East and West are meeting at the exact moment when the vista opens of a society gradually evolving so high a degree of industrial peace and social justice that spirit may seek for spirit, driven back no longer on pressing anxieties or clamorous compassions."

We have already suggested the trend of Miss Scudder's thought about the relation of Christianity to socialism. Its full discussion is searching and replete with suggestion which will startle many Christians and many socialists. She indicates two chief attitudes outside Christianity toward which religious feeling will probably be drawn in the socialist state,—"the first, a new hedonism, . . informed by a mystical pantheism . . . a Whitman-like religion . . . instinct with undiscriminating reverence for all manifestations of life;" the other, a kind of reactionary ascetism. "Yet," she concludes, after a discussion of the "Way of the Cross as the Way of Life," "so far as we can see, Christianity alone will have the power to furnish the secret strength without which the very civilization that discards it could never survive."

She describes Jesus as "one of the chief social idealists of the world . . . (with) definite purpose steadfastly fol-

lowed and wide vision vividly announced." That vision is of the Kingdom of Heaven and that purpose, its actual establishment on earth. That Kingdom of God, Miss Scudder believes, means an actual social order in which justice and righteousness can be effectually attained. "For centuries," she says, "while the seed slowly ripened underground, the amazing thought of Jesus has waited for realization. With the simultaneous advent of democratic and evolutionary conceptions its social significance is disclosed as never before; with the maturing of these conceptions will come its opportunity . . . . Yet," she adds, "socialism will never truly be that city, for . . . the consummation of the Kingdom of God is in eternity and not in time."

In this limited space, only the surface has been touched of the rich treasures of Miss Scudder's book. The wealth of allusion, of humor, of sympathy, has not been indicated. Enlightenment, stimulus to social thought and action and spiritual searching, the reader will find rarely fused in "Socialism and Character."

At the end she will find guidance to "A Wise Behavior," a sane and practical discussion of personal conduct during the crucial and wrenching period of transition to the socialist state.

SUE AINSLIE CLARK, 1903.

"THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT," by Florence Converse. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company: 1912. $1.35 net.

Whether or no one agrees with her conclusion, or accepts even her point of view, there can be no question as to the vital and illuminating quality of Miss Converse's latest novel. Beauty of English speech and enthralling interest of high ideal hold the reader in a twofold spell from first page to last. There are no solutions of problems; I think, not one: but for what solution is this young questioning century ready yet? Who now alive dares hope for more light than may shine across the day's work today?

It is, none the less, a book of constant suggestion. Through all its diversity of scenes and characters, the common weal of humanity, as wide as the world's need, as personal as each individual's power to receive, is the goal toward which the struggle sets. Yet always is the story uppermost; for not even in her interest in the social problem has the author forgotten that a novel must appeal primarily to its readers' emotions. There is an exquisite love idyl, lightly but perfectly sketched; a dramatic and stirring episode of a great strike with its aftermath of personal tragedy and seeming economic failure; and last, but by no means least, there is a group of keenly alive folk, as different in character and experience as any handful of friends and workers may be, but each touched with the divine fire of vision, of young enthusiasm for a better day. And the autobiographical form,—so consistent with the little heroine's determination to "write up" the colony,—is a very flexible and plastic tool, leaving wide margins of inference and intimation, much less possible to a more rigid method. One reads between the lines and the intervals almost more than the story tells.

The first chapter is vaguely reminiscent, of course, of Brook Farm and all other social experiments where the beauty of the vision has failed to materialize because it lacks adjustment to the sterner beauty of the deed. In that co-operative world which will be the kingdom come, that adjustment will have been made beyond our dream, and it will no longer be necessary for him who makes good sermons to do poor carpentry, for him with the musician's ear to attempt the chimney's draughts, for brave lives to be sacrificed to bad sanitation, and brave hearts to black despair. But there are such saving gleams of humor, and such a half-whimsical, half-pathetic common-sense background to this colony, against which the absurdities of the achievement and the glory of the spirit shine clear, that one is set well in tune with the brave beginning, failure though it be. And no character in the book is so wholly delightful as "Uncle Lew,"—saint, dreamer, philosopher, friend, and toiler with heart and head and hands for all the world.

The transition to the life in the New Hampshire hills is somewhat swift, but loses nothing of charm thereby. The quaint plays of the Italy-loving children, steeped in the beauty of San Francisco's land and lore, are like mediæval bas-relief, unbelievably simple and sweet. Their delightful fashion of putting into every-day living in the nineteenth century the actual

practices of the "little poor men" of an age long gone by has more than a hint of seriousness behind its amusing results; and the childish characters are sturdy prototypes of the men and women to be. Cyrus never did "pretend very well;" the poet, the editor, the settlement worker, the self-seeking socialist, are all in the little Lucian and Clara and Helen and Cuthbert of the summer colony on the farm. And through this section, as now and again elsewhere, wanders "my cousin Pauline," —charming, gracious, "simpatica," totally ineffective,—the sentimental philanthropist done to the life. One is tempted to stop for constant illustration; but only a reading of the chapter can do justice to the cleverness of the work.

The reviewer, like the author, finds it hard to know what to omit. One may go rapidly over school and college days, and the years when young men and maidens try their 'prentice hand on life and fain would mould it to their will. Two or three points in these chapters, however, are worthy of note: the consistent development of the characters, and the wholly natural way in which they are gathered from the quarters of the earth, so to speak, as life itself brings folk to the same centre of action in the city's heart. Starting from Italy, and "New Hope," and New Hampshire, and Russia, and the labor unions of the great shops, each has gravitated to each with the sureness of a common faith. Nowhere is the book more typical of modern social evolution than in this blending of widely divergent personalities into harmonious working groups.

Miss Converse knows her settlement life well and uses it tellingly as background for the rapid political and industrial movement of the election and the strike. Events go stirringly here; yet artistically this is perhaps the weakest point. It is all very sane and tolerant propaganda, to be sure, and illuminated throughout by the beautiful figure of Cyrus; but it comes perilously near to overweighting the story values. Only the crisp and clever dialogue of the endless conversations as to methods of editing, methods of political campaigns, methods of social reform, redeems them from the charge of belonging in an essay rather than in a novel. But the sympathetic, human point of view is so well maintained, and the individuals are so finely balanced against each other, that there is seldom, if ever, any real interruption to the movement of the narrative. For a book so obviously written from conviction, it is marvelously free from dogma of any sort.

The end is swiftly tragic: yet the reviewer who thought "the book got nowhere" was more dull of soul than even the marchese. Death and imprisonment are neither conclusion nor failure, but a part of the day's work. The note of triumphant hope dominates the sorrow of separation and waiting. The book, like "the party," is of "youth and the ideal." For these it is not the end, but the beginning. "Slowly, savagely, persistently," they toil on; and they hear always the "dawn-song" of the new day.

Finally, for two things one is especially grateful: the setting forth of the noblest idealism,—the idealism of Plato, of Ruskin, of Tolstoy,—vitalized by the insistent practicality of present-day social and scientific searches after "the way out;" and the never-ceasing appeal, conscious in some of the characters, wholly unconscious, but no less clear, in others, to the law of brotherhood whose name is Love, and whose exponent is nor Plato, nor Ruskin, nor Tolstoy, but the Lord and Master of men.

MARY MCLEAN CHASE, '96.

"ECONOMIC BEGINNINGS OF THE FAR WEST: HOW WE WON THE LAND BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI," by Katharine Coman. Two volumes, illustrated. The Macmillan Company, 1912. Price $4.00.

To enjoy this spirited, clean-cut narrative one does not need to be either an economist or an historian; to be a lover of romance is enough. Here we see that we need not go back to the middle ages, or to Europe, or the East for the picturesque. Already our own past is coming to be far enough away from us for us to see it,—for great events, like vast objects, cannot be seen in focus when too close.

The beaver trap of the fur hunter and the rocker of the gold seeker mark the cover of the first and second of Miss Coman's volumes respectively, and hint their story. First come the Spanish conquistadores exploring the Southwest for gold, ransacking the pueblos of the desert Indians and altering the whole course of Indian development by introducing them

to fire-arms and the use of horses. We see the Spaniard vainly seeking to hold and make use of the territories to which his energy and his luck had introduced him. The ruthless soldiery and adventurers and the Franciscan fathers bent on saving souls mingle in the undertaking, but a blight is on them all. Is there anything in history that wrings the heart more than the picture of these followers of the tender Francis in the midst of their enslaved and demoralized Indian charges?

From the other corner of the map we see the Russians descending on Alaska. Peter the Great on his death bed sent out the orders which led to the discovery of Behring Straits, and a mad hunting of the seal and the otter set in.

Meanwhile from Canada, from the American seaboard colonies, from St. Louis in the midst of the continent, explorers and trappers and traders were making their way to the Pacific country. Among the explorers the headstrong La Salle, Lewis and Clark, bracketed in history as in labors, and Zebulon Pike, and among the captains of the fur trade, Manuel Lisa, Jedediah Smith, and above all Dr. McLoughlin, magnanimous and serene, stand out amid a host of other striking personalities. For, in this condensed account of the sweep of immense economic forces, Miss Coman has been surprisingly successful in setting forth the men who contributed to the making of this history. Perhaps no chapter in the world's story would be a better one in which to study how far individuals shape the course of the stream, how far they are only drift, revealing, not directing, its current.

A resistless and inevitable flood was the flood of settlers, English speaking, workers of the soil and builders of homes. It was manifest destiny that substituted this body of men for the Spaniards who would not themselves till the soil nor multiply upon it, and for the whole mixed lot of exploiting adventurers, trappers and prospectors. On the other hand the Mormon advance upon Utah and conquest of the desert was as clear a case as one could find of sheer human grit and ingenuity led by faith to an achievement that otherwise would not have been done then and there and in that way.

The finding of gold in California, again, has a casual air. And what an epic of human greed and its futility, overreaching itself and delaying the growth of wealth, is this episode which is, in truth, like the Spanish occupation, a mere preliminary to the solid development of the Pacific commonwealths.

Man and the land, these are the prime elements of human fate; the relation between them is the dominant social and economic fact, above all in a non-industrial society. The slave plantation of the South, with racial and social stratification, the farmstead of the North,—the clash of these two economic forms was the tragedy of American history. In the development of the Middle West they warred, sometimes by means of propagandist settlement as in Kansas, sometimes in less obvious forms, till the situation tightened to an armed conflict, and economic beginnings were overshadowed by military struggles. Yet these also were economic and social, in their outcome as in their causation. Not greater gallantry, but greater economic resources, and above all the fact that the North was fighting with the stars in their courses, not against them, gave the victory to the side of free labor.

Miss Coman does not care to generalize. She draws no conclusions and points no morals, but the reader ought not to fail to see how clear, and in a sense, how single is the theme of her story. "They shall keep who can," and they only can who are able and willing to make the soil their own in laborious independence.

EMILY GREEN BALCH.

UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

ACCURSED.

Dramatis Personæ

Natalya Urusora, a young Jewish girl of sixteen.
Mark Urusora, Natalya's father, teacher of Hebrew.
Gerda Flodin, middle-aged Roman Catholic woman. A widow.
Three Jews.
Russian Official.

Place: A small beech-wooded village on the steppes of Central Russia.
Scene: Interior of the hut of Gerda Flodin.
Time: Present. Late afternoon of a November day.

The hut is of the rudest kind, rounding at the four corners, and thatched with straw, wisps of which straggle from the roof. On the left at the back is a small shed half filled with hay, which is used as a chicken-coop and opens directly into the hut. There is a window at the right of this, and a door on leathern hinges at the extreme right. The hut is rudely furnished, containing a rough pallet, a square table, a chair, and a three-legged stool. In the center of the back stage appears a niche which has been hollowed out to give space for an image of the Blessed Virgin. On each side of this hang cheap colored pictures of the Ascension. A small rough-hewn table stands before the niche, with two candles burning on each side of a brightly-painted plaster image of Saint Benedick.

(Curtain rises with Gerda Flodin discovered in the middle of the hut, using her apron vigorously to shoo a half-dozen chickens into the shed. Gerda is stockily built, with heavily cut features that indicate great stubbornness of character, but her eyes are kindly. She stands still in the middle of the room after the chickens are safely in the shed, heaves a deep sigh, and wipes her brow energetically. She is about to speak when a knock comes at the door.)

Gerda: Who's there?

(Another knock.)

Gerda (sharply): Who's there?

(A peal of laughter sounds.)

Gerda (grunting): I might have known it was you.

(Another little burst of laughter.)

Voice: Oh, hurry and let me in, Gerda dear—it's very cold out here.

(Gerda unbolts the door, and Natalya enters. She has a pale, sensitive face with clear dark eyes and very soft black hair, twisted into a simple knot at the nape of her neck. She is dressed very plainly, but is evidently better off than Gerda. She carries a small package in her arms.)

Natalya: See what I've brought you, Gerda.

Gerda (almost sullenly): I don't want any presents from Jews. The Blessed Mary knows I'm poverty stricken since my husband died, but I'm not far gone enough to take gifts from Jews.

Natalya (hurt): But it's from me, Gerda. Think of it that way. It's from me, from Natalya. Oh, don't let my race stand in the way.

(She looks pleadingly at Gerda, whose eyes finally drop. Gerda takes the package but lays it on the table.)

Natalya: But aren't you going to open it?

Gerda (a bit impatiently): Yes, child, yes. I'm not so hasty to see what I'm getting as I was once. There's many a mystery hid under wrappings as clean and fine as these.

(She unties the package.)

Natalya: Well?

Gerda (brokenly): I—I—Oh Natalya, this is the first corn-meal I've seen for six years,—since Petrovitch died. I—I never thought—I'd be able to mix a mess of it again.

Natalya (seated on the stool): There, there, Gerda dear. I knew you'd like it. Father and I got it just this morning—

Gerda (breaking in upon her): Where did you get it?

Natalya: Why, haven't you heard? Markelov fetched it from Ivan Bashkitseff's farm at dinner time.

Gerda (in astonishment and fear): Ivan Bashkitseff's farm! What is that Jew

of a Markelov doing on a Russian landlord's estate? What was he doing there?

(Daylight slowly deepens.)

Natalya: Gerda dear, don't you unstand? Or perhaps—oh, perhaps you haven't heard! Ivan Bashkitseff's farm is being divided up among us village folk—why the whole village is rejoicing, because the Czar has proclaimed socialism!

Gerda: The Czar—proclaimed—socialism! (quietly) Who told you so?

Natalya (in surprise): Markelov came full of wild excitement to the village late this morning, and told everyone about this edict he had seen in a village several miles away, and told how we were to take possession of Ivan's farm. We were singing down in the market-place. Didn't you hear us?

Gerda: Yes, I heard you, but I thought it was another of your feast days.

(She goes quietly to the window and looks out, as Natalya continues talking.)

Natalya: Father went early to the next village—you know he has a class there twice a week, and he left before Markelov came around. Oh—oh—think, Gerda, think—isn't it wonderful?

Gerda (looking worriedly at Natalya): Yes, it is—but I wish your father were here.

(She takes up a part of the corn-meal in an earthen dish and mixes water with it.)

Natalya: Yes, Gerda, so do I. He will be very happy to think that the Czar is relenting at last in his persecution of us.

(Gerda goes to the window and listens, her face strained. Into the silence of the hut breaks a far-off, distant cry.)

Natalya (rising in alarm): Oh! Gerda, what is it?

Gerda: Sit down there again and I'll tell you. I am certain that Markelov has made a wretched, cruel mistake. He has always been a fanatic—wild Jew that he is, (bitterly)—and he must have misread the edict of the Czar's, for no one knows better than I do how confusing they are. Petrovitch used to help print them, and Petrovitch knew. The division by the village of Ivan Bashkitseff's farm is as good as an uprising,—and mark my words, Natalya, there will be a massacre before night.

Natalya: Oh, my father, my father, where is he?

Gerda (bitterly): Aye, where is he? And where will all you Jews be in a few hours?

(A far-off, high-pitched cry is borne on the wind—and another—and another. Natalya sinks on the stool, head buried in her arms on the table. Gerda's arms are folded resolutely, despite the evident pity on her face.)

Gerda (to herself): The Jews must die—I cannot save a Jew.

(Footsteps are heard running round the house. A man's figure flashes by the window, and an instant later a frenzied knocking is heard at the door.)

Voice: Natalya—oh Natalya.

Natalya (running to the door): Father, father—

(She unbolts the door, and a haggard, slender man, with the face of a scholar, stumbles into the room. He tries to speak, but cannot. He motions toward the village.)

Natalya (gently): Yes, father, I know. Our time has come. (To herself.) Oh to think we should die like this!

Gerda (leaning against the window ledge): Aye, to die in a massacre! (Reciting as in a vision.) But the Lord has decreed it. The Jews are the abomination, the desolation of the earth. And he who saves them is damned—(whispers) damned!

Urusora (between gaspings for breath): You—you will not save us?

Gerda (fixedly): They who save the Jews are damned! (Her eyes turn upon Natalya with no sign of recognition.) You are a Jew, you are not Natalya Urusora. You are a Jew—I cannot save you.

(Sounds of the massacre, as it approaches the upper end of the village, grow more distinct. Through the window the sky is seen to be shot with blood-red color as the sun sets.)

Urusora: Oh you cannot let us die like this! You who are a Roman Catholic, they will never suspect you. And we have all been friends—oh, God, are you going to let our friend betray us!

Gerda (startled): Betray!

(Three figures stagger by the window. An instant later, a faint rapping at the door.)

Gerda (sharply): Who's there?

(A faint moaning and indistinct mutter is the only response. As Gerda unbolts the door, a man, blood-stained and white-faced, falls almost into her arms. He is followed by two others in the same weak state.)

First Man: Oh save us, save us for God's sake!

Gerda (steadily): I cannot. It is against my religion. You are Jews. Jews, do you understand? A hated race, the abomination of the earth. It is against my religion. I cannot.

(One of the men who appears to have been the most hacked and cut, sinks to the floor. The men say nothing. Only their burning eyes hold Gerda. The man on the floor fumbles the hem of Gerda's skirt almost childishly. Sounds of the massacre again come to their ears.

Natalya: Oh Gerda, Gerda, they are coming this way! (She gives a sharp, convulsive cry.)

Gerda (to herself): Must I be accursed? (whispers) So be it. (She leads the way to the chicken-coop. She holds open the little gate, and shoos out the chickens.) Come.

(Natalya, her father, and the three men enter, lying down on the floor near the back. Gerda takes the mixture of corn-meal and water and sprinkles it on the floor. The chickens eat busily. A galloping of horses' hoofs is heard in the distance. Gerda hastily places the little image of Saint Benedick over the door outside. She resumes her place in the midst of the chickens. The horse is heard outside, and the sounds of a man dismounting. He flings open the door, saluting the image of Saint Benedick at the same time.

Officer: In the name of Saint Benedick, are there any Jews here?

Gerda: No.

Officer: Let me see.

(Gerda stands aside, and continues feeding the chickens. Officer gives cursory glance around the room from the doorway, salutes the saint again, and is gone with a clatter of hoofs. As the sound dies away, the five emerge stealthily from their hiding place. They would speak to Gerda, but her set, stern face repels them. They go out the door, taking the opposite direction to that the officer took, and one by one steal shadow-like by the window. It is now quite dark. There are only the lights of the candles before the image of the Virgin. Gerda stands unseeing for a moment, then sets the bowl of corn-meal and water on the table and walks heavily over to the statue of the Virgin. She kneels quickly.

Gerda: Oh Virgin Mary, must I be accursed? Oh blessed, blessed Virgin, forgive—forgive.

(She sinks, sobbing bitterly, before the shrine.)

CURTAIN.

BERENICE K. VAN SLYKE, 1913.

"AN ARROW LIGHTLY SENT."

"BUT why have you hung his picture there, in the shadow, and not in the full light?"

"I think it is because from there his features, seen less distinctly, look younger, more like him at the first." Mary's voice was conscious; she was not used to communicating even so much of her emotion as this to anyone, much less to Helen Farris, her sister Louise's friend, with whom her acquaintance, though long, had never approached intimacy.

"Yes, you are right. He looks now as he did when you were married. In the light the contrast is very decided, isn't it?" Helen carried the table lamp over, and surveyed the picture critically.

"Anne is like him."

"Her relationship to her father was very beautiful. Now that he is dead her resemblance to him grows more and more noticeable."

Helen returned the lamp to the square table. The action was quick and graceful, well accordant with the firm slenderness of her figure. She seated herself in the low rocker, leaning back.

"I always chose this chair at Louise's

house, so it's very familiar to sit in it now she's brought it here with her. That was some time ago."

"Three years. She came after Howard died."

"Why, yes. Do you know, I've often wondered how it happened as it did. She lived so far away, saw you so little all those years after your marriage. Yet you were so close to each other before, and now, since Howard is gone, you are together again. She seemed to know him so well then, too, and afterward—"

"Afterward?"

Helen had spoken with her usual simple assurance of the gracious reception of her personal questions. She had been talking slowly, half occupied in noting the soft play of yellow lamplight in the smooth hazel-brown folds of her dress, and the contrast to the cooler colors of the room. Their effect of austere harmony was broken by the warm radiance. The low chair, Anne's scarlet cloak thrown down upon the divan, the bowl of fully-opened red roses on the slender stand by the window, were subtly out of place here.

Neither did they accord well with the woman who sat on the other side of the table. Relaxation did not belong to her. Every line of the still supple figure resented it. Yet she gave the impression of one moving in a well-realized, self-appointed round, satisfied never to exceed her limits. Helen thought her proud.

At the tense note in her question the younger woman looked up quickly, but, Mary's face being turned away from the light, her curiosity was unsatisfied.

"I never heard of her ever even seeing him," she explained. "She only visited you during his absences from home. Was there any reason?"

She was stopped short by Mary's surprised glance, a glance not without indignation, at the directness of the question. It was evident that she had gone too far, and yet the temptation to use her insight was strong in her. The unthoughtful conversation had suddenly taken a baffling turn; the curiosity of one who aspired to some sort of connoisseurship of humanity was awakened. But it was not without a momentary glow of real sympathy that she resolved to go on. Something was hurting Mary, she guessed,—and she was lonely,—Louise spent so much of her time with Anne. Perhaps talking would help.

Mary, it was true, had been strangely moved during the whole time. Lately she had been nervous and worried. Helen was right as to her loneliness. But that was her long-time companion. Only on such nights as this the strain told, the matter-of-factness wore off. Howard's picture brought back the old, accepted sorrow—the thought of Howard's years of faithfulness to her, when all the time the things he needed of a woman,—the light touch to living, the grace and warm response, had not, for all her trying, been hers to give. He belonged to Louise; all three knew it; and Louise, fearful, had gone away. After the first bitterness, Mary had never blamed her sister, and so after his death she had begged her to share the home with her and her beloved twelve-year-old Anne. She was a woman who accepted things silently, and expected others to do so, trusting much to the understanding. Never in the three years had she been able to speak of the truth of her married life to Louise.

To-night the memories, time-softened, regained their old sting. Silence seemed less of a defense. Her first show of surprise at Helen's intrusion subsided quickly. At the knowledge of the next words:

"It must have been hard for you all," spoken quietly, the accustomed resentment did not rise. Instead, she found herself actually answering this young interrogator; simply and passionately at first, words worn with years of repeating to herself, the whole story poured out as in a dream. Speaking, she leaned forward, her head resting on her hands; but when she looked up, the regular, somewhat heavily formed features wore only their usual unexpressiveness.

At the end, some of the old matter-of-factness returned. She was going back over the story, tracing causes and results, when the shutting of the front door, and a cheery call from downstairs interrupted.

Helen rose quickly as a dark-haired, smiling woman entered the room, arm in arm with a delicate-featured girl of fifteen. The wind outside had put the color into their cheeks; their eyes were bright with the exhilaration of walking against it.

"You're late, Louise," Helen said, looking joyously at the woman. "What have you and Anne been doing?"

"Oh, we're sorry, Miss Farris, but we just couldn't help stopping to look in the store windows on the way. We saw the loveliest soft silk,—like the new dress, mother!"

"We've had such a good time,—I hope we've not made dinner too late?" Louise apologized in a quick, low-toned voice, turning to Mary.

Mary smiled, "Why, I hadn't even noticed the time, but I think we had better go down right away."

"To think of mother's not noticing the time!" Anne challenged merrily.

"Not at all strange." Helen smiled, taking Louise's arm. "We've been having the most interesting talk all the while we were waiting. Why, I haven't even looked at the libretto."

They talked, during dinner, of the opera which Louise and Helen were to attend that evening, Helen explaining, Louise listening enthusiastically, Anne begging for more descriptions.

Her mother soon dropped out of the conversation, absorbed in her own thoughts. Watching Helen talk so gaily, she felt somehow, betrayed. What right had this young stranger to know the secrets of her life? "They had had an interesting talk," the chance words came back to her, meaningful. Yes, interesting. But what difference had her passionate wrenching off of the close-grown husks of restraint made to her? The sympathy she had caught at,—had it really been there? She thought of Helen's life, with its one abiding affection, the love of Louise, everyone else treated impersonally. "Why should she be an exception? To Mary the confession, once begun, had been exquisitely painful; in memory it was far more so. Her feelings seemed in the process, to have lost some of the individuality she cherished, to have been subtly changed to common coin. The long years of repression swept back over her, commanding that the sanctities of her life should be held inviolate. She was amazed at her own treason.

When Louise came home that night, she found Anne waiting for her in her room.

"I didn't go to sleep, Aunt Louise, because there's something I want to tell you."

"What is it, dear?" Louise, sitting on the edge of the bed, drew the girl's head down protectingly to her shoulder.

"It's mother. I don't think she can be feeling well. I was telling her to-night after dinner about our afternoon together, and then I told her all about how wonderful everything is with you here, and how you understand everything I say. She said you were very kind to me and her, and then she got up suddenly and said she was going to bed. I couldn't see, but I think she was crying."

Louise was silent. With Anne's words came sudden revelation. She realized what this daily friendship with Mary's daughter was leading to. She wanted time to think it out.

"There, dear, don't worry about it now. Your mother is tired very often, you know. We should try to be as considerate of her as we can. But go to sleep now; it's all right, I'm sure."

"But I do worry, Aunt Louise." Anne went reluctantly. Louise looked after her with tenderness, now mixed with a pang of self-reproach. Looking back over the three years, she saw how Anne had gotten used to bringing all her troubles to her for remedy. This sensitive, warm-hearted child had confided freely in her, always sure to find response and sympathy. To-night she thought of Howard,—was she about to rob her sister a second time of what she held most precious? The thought shocked her; she would have to go away as she had done years before. She would go without explaining the reason, for how should she tell whether Mary had the same realization that was hers? Anne and her mother should grow together again when she was gone; there was yet time.

Plans flashed through her mind,—she decided finally that to live with Helen would be best. Helen needed her, and that change would take least explanation. Before she went to sleep she had the story fashioned which she should tell her sister the next day.

Morning found Mary but little calmer. The bitterness of a double failure overwhelmed her. She saw it all—what she had failed to give Howard she had failed to give Anne. Never had she really understood her. She had never been understood herself as a child, and had not thought such a thing possible here. And so Louise, with her lively imagination, always warm, always understanding, had drifted into her place, as of old. Oh, she

had tried, but had not known how,—the gifts had not seemed hers to give. Still they belonged to Louise.—As before she soon conquered any tendency to blame her sister. Anne needed her, her gracious companionship—all that she gave so easily and naturally.

When, that afternoon, Louise found her sewing in the cool-colored sitting-room and told her of her decision to live with Helen, Mary was not deceived. The reasoning was plausible, yet she knew that it would be perfectly simple to deny it all and show her sister her knowledge of the real motive. But how was this to be done? Only, she thought despairingly, by breaking the bands of restraint which had been tightening for sixteen years between her and Louise. She would have to go back to the beginning and disclose everything step by step,—nothing could be left to intuition in such an explanation. All the old wounds would have to be reprobed. For how could Louise believe the truth of her present attitude if she were ignorant of the past?

Mary laid down the dress she was hemming and looked out of the window. Standing near, even Louise could read nothing from her features. She summoned courage to break silence. The first words were almost formed in her mind when suddenly the hot memory of the evening's humiliation swept over her. She seemed to see Helen leaning back in the low chair, listening. She turned, looking clearly up at Louise.

"I'm sorry you feel that you ought to go," she said evenly. "It will be hard for Anne and me."

E. Eugenia Corwin, 1914.

A SONG.

Manzanita is in blossom,
Whose white petals falling, falling,
With the drifting snow of summer
  Float upon the sun-hot sand.
Waxen yucca bells ring softly,
Distant cliffs are calling, calling,
It's the love-song of the desert,
  If one cares to understand.

See the scarlet cactus glory,
Watch its flame red burning, burning,
Watch it perish, waste and wither
  At the desert's grim command.
But unto the silent desert,
Men are ever turning, turning.
It's the love-song of a country,
  If one cares to understand.

James M. Gardner, 1914.

THE HYACINTH MAN.

CHILL, drizzling spring rain blurred the outlines of the tall buildings and softened their grim contours, until their tops melted into the watery strip of sky above them. At the corner opposite the subway entrance in Times Square some obstacle evidently acted as a breakwater, and divided the hurrying tide of traffic into two distinct streams. A tall girl, pushing through the crowd, found herself suddenly shoved into the little island, between the streams of foot-passangers. For a moment she paused, glad of a breathing space. Under her right arm she hugged an enormous flat package. Her mouth drooped a little at the corners, and her wide eyes looked straight ahead, with the uncomprehending blankness of one who is physically too tired to have any consciousness of surroundings.

Suddenly she gave her shoulders a little shake: over her face came a look of unwilling, half-puzzled attention. Through the noisome odors of the damp city air a perfume had reached her unheeding senses,—a perfume unspeakably fresh, the very breath of spring, calling up pictures of brown earth, freshly turned-in garden-beds, and green things first to prick the soil in early spring. The girl looked around her slowly.

"Hyacinths," she said softly, "hyacinths, I know. Yes, there they are!"

Back of her, just at the point where the crowd divided, was a common push-cart, glorified by its burden of fragrant purple and white. Behind it stood a tall old man, his black eyes shining from a brown, weather-beaten face. A wooden tray, slung by straps from his shoulders, was heaped with the cut flowers. He was calling lustily:

"Hyacinths! hyacinths! five cents a sprig!"

The girl moved a little nearer. A whimsical smile curled the corners of her mouth as she whispered to herself:

"If thou of fortune be bereft,
And of thy store there be but left
Two loaves, sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul!"

"Hyacinths? have some hyacinths?" queried the old man. She opened her battered pocketbook and looked meditatively at the paltry quarter and the shabby dime keeping each other company there.

"How much are the potted ones?" she asked.

"Twenty-five, ma'am, and very fine they are."

"A purple one, please."

She smiled brightly at the old man as she took the carefully wrapped pot of flowers and gave him in exchange the lonesome quarter. The deepening twilight reminded her that she must hurry. Shaking the tired droop from her shoulders, and tossing her head defiantly, till the bright drops flew in showers from her bedraggled hat, she plunged into the hurrying throng, clasping her hyacinths in one arm and her enormous package in the other. She whisked around the corner and—bump! came against some decidedly solid obstacle. Hyacinths flew in one direction, flat package in another, and she found herself dazedly clinging to something solid.

"Why, Nancy Brenton, I beg your pardon!" exclaimed a deep, courteous voice somewhere far above her.

Nancy didn't need to look up to see where the voice came from.

"Jack Pugit!" she cried, "look what you've done! My precious hyacinths!"

"That's all I could find," he said ruefully, showing her a moment later a few mangled flower sprays. "I'm awfully sorry, honest. I'll get you some more. Did you have anything else?"

"Just my drawings," said Nancy resignedly; "I suppose they are kicking around the street somewhere."

In another moment he emerged from the crowd with the flat package, very muddy but otherwise unharmed.

"Now then, Nancy Brenton," he cried, pulling her arm through his. "Now then, what do you mean by being out in this cold rain without an umbrella? I don't believe you have any rubbers on!"

"I haven't, and I don't care! I never noticed the rain at all till you mentioned it. I am angry with you, very angry with you, for smashing my lovely hyacinths! I bought them from an old man, a perfect picture, standing straight and still in the midst of the crowd, with his flowers bright

before him, and the misty buildings rising dark behind."

"And I suppose you stood out there in the rain, catching your death of cold, just to look at an old flower-seller you could see any day!"

"Yes, I did," replied Nancy shortly. It was so dark by this time that her companion could not see the quick flush in her cheeks.

"Have you had any dinner?" he asked abruptly.

"No."

"Are you going to have any?"

"I shall eat some crackers when I get home. I don't care for dinner to-night." She smiled, amused, as she thought of the solitary dime in her pocketbook.

"I beg your pardon, but you are coming right in here!"

Before she could remonstrate Nancy found herself whisked into a brightly lighted restaurant, her wet coat removed, herself seated at a small table, and a menu laid before her.

"What shall we have?" suggested a persuasive voice from the opposite side of the table.

"I don't care," said Nancy stubbornly. She hated to be treated like a child, and kept her eyes fixed on the table, to hide the angry tears that threatened to rise.

"Very well, we'll have beefsteak, good and hot!" declared Jack cheerfully.

At that Nancy laughed outright and looked up, forgetting her tears. Beefsteak was so characteristic of Jack!

"There, I knew beefsteak was the thing! Look here, Nancy, I don't mean to be domineering and all that; but you are tired, awfully tired, and I know you need a good hot dinner." His voice was so kind and protecting, with just a hint of worry, that Nancy looked hastily at the table again. She gripped her hands hard under cover of the table, and worked resolutely with her mouth until she could produce a cheerful smile. Then she looked up brightly at the anxious face opposite her.

"I am just a little tired," she said lightly, "but it might be lots worse."

"Did you have any success with your pictures to-day?" Jack blundered.

"No," said Nancy shortly. "The publishers don't seem to care for my style. Queer, isn't it? I rather like it myself. The art editor at Duttons' may give me an order for Christmas cards next year!"

"Why don't you drop it, Nancy?" asked Jack.

"How's business?" retorted Nancy abruptly.

By this time the waiter had set before each of them a plate of hot, juicy beefsteak. Jack was attacking his portion vigorously.

"Oh, I knew I had something to tell you," he cried, forgetting the beefsteak. "I've had a raise! The National Biscuit Company has given me a district all to myself, to take samples of crackers around to the groceries, you know. If I make good in this I shall probably get an even better position." He grinned happily and looked at her for appreciation.

"That's fine!" said Nancy, smiling. To herself she thought bitterly, "He's a success, selling crackers, and I am a miserable failure, trying to sell pictures that nobody wants."

Jack saw the unhappy drooping of the lips.

"Nancy!" he cried, quite forgetting where he was, "Nancy, won't you marry me, please? Why won't you let a fellow help you? I've asked you three times in the last two years and you've never given me a good reason. You've never said you didn't love me."

"Jack Pugit," said Nancy sternly, "don't you remember I have told you every time I can't marry you? And last time I asked you not to mention the subject again."

"But Nancy,"—he began, but was stopped by the fire of two wide eyes, and the obstinate shaking of damp little curls fairly aquiver with determined refusal.

"Oh, very well, eat your dinner quick, before it gets cold."

Nancy obeyed with an exasperating air of conscious triumph.

"Thank you, Jack," she said, relenting a little as they stepped out again into the wet, shining street. "It is mighty nice of you to be so good to me."

"Good, nothing!" he ejaculated, as he piloted her to a street car.

"How easy it is to get anywhere when Jack is along," thought Nancy, as he elbowed his way quickly to the car. Although it was crowded he managed to find a seat for her, and then stood watching the occupants of the car with keen, observing

eyes, which, however, wandered back every few minutes to a certain disgracefully wet and shabby hat, and the point of an obstinate chin beneath.

Nancy, too, was observing Jack thoughtfully. "What a nice man he is," she thought. "But he does blunder terribly. He has a wonderful head, just like a young Greek god's; doesn't look a bit like an agent for the National Biscuit Company." She sighed pensively. Then, looking at him again, "He's a mighty fine man, for all he sells crackers and his name is Pugit! But he has forgotten all about my hyacinths, I know. He thinks much more about his old crackers, and,—beefsteak!"

To her confusion she found that he had caught her smile and was looking at her inquiringly. She rose quickly. "I want to get off here."

"What were you smiling about?" he asked abruptly, as they stood at the top of the long flight of steps leading to the front door of her apartment house.

Nancy turned. "Never mind," she said. "I'm not going to ask you in tonight. You would only bother me, good-night."

"Good-night," Jack replied meekly, and descended the steps.

Slowly Nancy climbed the three flights of dimly lighted stairs and pushed open the door of her apartment. She let her package of drawings fall to the floor, and dropped into a chair. As she sat there in the dark she seemed to see Jack's frank eyes regarding her reproachfully, to feel the presence of his forceful, practical personality. "That's just the trouble," she argued, half accusingly, as to the apparition; "you are successful, and you will keep on being successful. I am a failure, and,—no, I will not keep on being a failure! But as long as I am one I can't marry you. It would be just like one of those stories, where the girl always marries in the end, because she is unsuccessful and tired of scratching for a living! You want me to give up my work; you don't understand how I love it. You scold me for going around without my rubbers! What would you do if you didn't own any rubbers? You would say, of course, save up your money for such things instead of wasting it on hyacinths and books! There is a difference in our philosophy—that is the trouble. Yours is a beefsteak, mine a hyacinth philosophy; we should never in the world get along together." She jumped out of her chair and felt for the matches; "Even if I were sure that I loved you and that I could safely marry you without fear of too great a conflict between beefsteak and hyacinths, I refuse to do it, until my own work has been a success."

She lighted the gas, and spread her drawings out on the table. "They are good," she cried, picking up an illustration for a fairy-tale. "And what is more, they are unusual. Any number of publishers have told me that, but just because I'm a poor unknown and haven't any exhibition numbers or any publishers' reproductions they all refuse to give me work!"

She turned from the pictures with a sigh and wandered to the window. Rubbing a clear spot on the misty pane she peered out at the black void, blurred here and there with rainbow lights.

"I wish my hyacinths were here." As she peered out at the night, she seemed to see again, with startling vividness, the figure of the old flower-seller. Fascinated she took in every detail, and watched the picture fade slowly. "Why," she exclaimed, turning quickly from the window, "I have an idea!"

Early the next morning Nancy donned her paint-stained apron, set a large piece of pastel board on her easel, brought out her box of pastels, and proceeded to give form to her inspiration. All the morning she worked feverishly. At three o'clock she pulled off her apron in disgust, and rushed out doors despairingly.

"It's no good after all," she mourned, as she hastened down the street, quite unconscious that there was a dark daub of pastel chalk on the end of her nose! Coming back to her room late in the afternoon, she almost stumbled over a large parcel. Tearing off the papers, she discovered a pot of purple hyacinths, heavy with fragrance. Thrust among the flowers was a careless scrap of paper.

"Sorry you weren't at home. Hope these will make up for the ones I smashed. —Jack."

"What a surprising boy it is!" cried Nancy, burying her face in the cool blossoms. "To think, he remembered my hyacinths after all!"

On the fourth morning Nancy entrusted to the care of the Express Company a

large flat package addressed to the New York Water Color Society.

One day she received through the mail a communication. That same day she wrote briefly to Jack Pugit:

"Could you possibly get away from your crackers this afternoon and call for me by four o'clock?"

Promptly at five minutes of four Jack put in an appearance.

"What's up, Nancy?" he demanded, as he was hastened out into the street without even being asked to sit down. "Where have you been keeping yourself all this time?"

"I have been working," she said quietly. "It was good of you, Jack, to send the hyacinths."

"Where are we bound for?" he asked again, smiling at the purposeful determination with which he was being led through the streets.

"I am taking you to the Water Color Exhibition," Nancy replied briefly.

"What for?"

"To show you a picture there."

"O, say, I thought you had something really important on hand."

"Was it hard to get away from the crackers?"

"No, I got through early to-day." He seemed about to say something further, but evidently decided to wait.

They made the rest of their walk in silence, and climbed innumerable stairways in an imposing building, until they had come finally into a long room, clearly lighted by sky-lights. Its walls were hung with what seemed to Jack an appalling number of pictures.

"Down this way," cried Nancy, hurrying him down the room. "There," she said simply, and pointed to a picture hanging in the full light.

Jack looked at it, incuriously at first, then with quickened interest.

"Ginger, it is good, isn't it?" he exclaimed. On a busy street corner, with automobiles and cabs on one side and crowds of hurrying, unheeding people on the other, stood a tall, gaunt man, his dark, keen face and black eyes alive with eager desire to sell the hyacinths, heaped before him in purple and white confusion. Back of him giant buildings rose in vague outline. All was misty, chilly, gray and brown, —all but the hyacinths, a spot of bright spring color against their sombre background. Jack's eyes took in the whole scene with surprised appreciation; then wandered down to the bottom of the picture. In one corner, a tiny paper square bore the number thirty-six, in the other corner was a similar square, with the impressive word "sold;" beneath the picture a card inscribed with its title: "The Hyacinth Man," by Nancy Merrivale Brenton.

"Nancy," Jack beamed on her, yet with a certain solemnity in his tone, "Nancy, I am proud of you."

Out in the street once more, Nancy, intoxicated with the joy of her first real success, exclaimed happily over the sight of a spire rising dark against a daffodil sky, at the end of a long street. Every now and then, as she looked up at Jack, who beamed upon her gently, she thought she detected something sombre about his eyes.

"On the strength of your success, Nancy, let's celebrate by having dinner where we had it that other night when you were so cross with me."

Nancy assented, with a reminiscent chuckle.

"Let's have beefsteak," she said when they were seated at the same small table. She leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content. Then she realized that he was looking at her gravely.

"Nancy," he said after a moment's hesitation, "I have been offered a big advance in my line of business. It involves leaving for California next week, to stay indefinitely."

Nancy looked at him bewildered. Then a look of startled comprehension dawned in her eyes. She stared unwinkingly at the sober face opposite her, until it blurred and wavered distractingly. All the joy of success vanished from her face.

"Nancy!" said a voice opposite her.

"Oh," she thought, "I love him, and I never knew it before."

"Nancy!" repeated the voice.

"I love him!" thought Nancy. "He is going away!"

"Nancy!" the tone was imperious. "Nancy, are you ill?"

"No," she said dully. Then, with a sudden rush of relief, a second realization took possession of her mind. "I have done what I said I would. I have succeeded.

I have a perfect right to love him now!"

A quick smile flashed across her face. "I,—I just don't want you to go away, Jack."

"Do you really mind my going?"

"Yes."

Something in the girl's face made him stand up suddenly.

"Nancy," he cried, "come out,—come out doors. I—I think the moon must be up!"

"I think so too," said Nancy, as they hurried out into the spring night.

. . . . . .

Several hours later they climbed the steps to Nancy's apartment and paused at the top to look up at the strip of far-away, starry sky.

"Jack," said Nancy, "you forgot all about your beefsteak!" She laughed happily. "I forgot about beefsteak, too, in a different way! Jack, which do you like better, hyacinths or beefsteak?"

Jack looked at her puzzled. "Why," he replied slowly, "hyacinths are very pretty and sweet, but they come only in the spring-time. Beefsteak is really much more dependable. Still, I'm mighty glad to have them both in the world!"

"Bless you, so I am!" said Nancy softly. They said good-night, and the young giant strode valiantly back to his cracker boxes, his head in the clouds and his heart beating high, with never a suspicion of the part the Hyacinth Man had played in his good fortune!

MARJORIE R. PECK, 1914.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WELLESLEY RED CROSS FUND.

REPORTED TO DECEMBER 19, 1912.

	Cash	Pledged	Total
Rally Offering,	$ 55.60	$———	$ 55.60
Faculty,	231.00	16.00	247.00
Beebe,	28.35	28.40	56.75
Cazenove,	6.61	1.50	8.11
College Hall,	27.76	200.00	227.76
Freeman,	11.27	12.50	23.77
Fiske,	1.25	5.00	6.25
Norumbega,	31.60	28.50	60.10
Pomeroy,	30.91	5.25	36.16
Shafer,	39.35	27.75	67.10
Stone Hall,	21.48	3.00	24.48
Wilder,	9.00	7.40	16.40
Wood,	10.06	3.00	13.06
Crofton District,	7.79	.50	8.29
Belair Avenue District,	7.00	———	7.00
Eliot District,	19.59	6.00	25.59
Maples District,	16.75	20.75	37.50
Noanett District,	51.21	14.00	65.21
Webb District,	4.75	1.30	6.05
Miscellaneous,	16.65	———	16.65
Total,	$627.98	$380.85	$1,008.83

Revisions and supplementary contributions will be noted later.

The committee in charge of this fund has already appropriated $550 of the $627.98 on hand and the money has been disposed of in the following way: $125 to the Greeks, $125 to the Bulgarians, $125 to the General Red Cross Association, $100 to the Turks, and $100 to our Wellesley Representatives for relief work among women and children. When the pledges due January 15 are paid more money will be immediately forwarded to the sufferers and a statement of its disposition published in the NEWS.

Hardship and intense suffering will continue throughout the winter, which is severe in those countries. The committee appreciates that many of the gifts already made represent royal sacrifice and the giving up of luxuries and it earnestly hopes that the Christmas spirit may have extended over the holidays and induce further contributions.

ELIZABETH BOYNTON, 1913.
(Chairman.)

FRENCH LECTURE.

M. Emile Legouis, Professor at the Sorbonne, and Exchange Professor at Harvard University, addressed the French students of Wellesley on Tuesday evening, December 10, on "La Poesie Francaise au Grand Siecle." In a very pleasing and interesting manner, using well-chosen and simple French, the speaker took the defense of the French poetry of the seventeenth century, which is probably the least appreciated in other countries. In introducing his subject M. Legouis stated that two criticisms are often made by English-speaking readers on the French classic tragedy. The first of these is that the characteristic verse, the Alexandrine metre of twelve syllables, is monotonous, and not pleasing to the ear. This idea is due to an incorrect pronunciation; the first essential for the appreciation of the beauty of the classic verse is that it be read correctly. In speaking of the comparative value of English and French poetry the lecturer said that each has its distinctive merits. He took exception to Dryden's comparison of English verse to a mastiff,—French verse to a greyhound; and would himself compare English verse to a serpent in its flexibility and suppleness, French verse to a bird which soars aloft. There is a certain effect of immensity which can be rendered only by French verse.

The second reproach made by the English-speak-

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ing people of the French classic tragedy is that it lacks life, and fails to hold one's interest. That this criticism is made is due to Shakespeare, who has accustomed his readers to an exuberance of style, a wealth of detail and a prolixity of subject, not to be found in the French classic tragedy, where everything is subordinated to the single effect of clearness and grandeur. The dramas of Shakespeare are like a forest in its wild, natural beauty, the tragedies of Racine remind one of the carefully arranged park of Versailles. The language of Shakespeare may be compared to a richly embroidered material, which may distract the attention from the form which it clothes, while the language of Racine, like a material of pearl-gray tone, outlines the beautiful form beneath it, i. e., the thought of the poet.

One must know how to admire both the beauties of Shakespeare and those of the great classic poets of France; admiration for the one should not make us lose sight of the good qualities of the other. The speaker said in conclusion that he hoped he had succeeded in indicating to his hearers some of the beauties of the French classic tragedy, so as to heighten their appreciation of its masterpieces.

All the points brought out were illustrated by well-chosen quotations from English and French poets, making the lecture extremely interesting throughout.

CHICAGO COLLEGIATE BUREAU OF OCCUPATIONS TO BE FOUNDED.

The purpose of the Bureau is to further vocational opportunities, other than teaching, for college women graduates and women of trained efficiency. The need of much more exact and definite information about non-teaching positions has made itself strongly felt.

The Bureau aims:

I. To be a registration office where the employer may find skilled women for his work, whether it be in the field of social and economic work, government service, research, laboratory work, welfare work, domestic arts and sciences, dressmaking, literature, interior decorating, agriculture or any other line of business.

Every trained woman who is seeking a position is privileged to register with this agency, so that when the opportunity presents itself she may be found.

II. To co-operate with the college authorities in shaping undergraduate courses most advantageously for the student's future career.

III. To investigate existing opportunities where the college graduate, or the woman of practical experience, may obtain advanced training either by apprenticeship or study, and to develop these resources.

IV. To publish concise occupational information of all sorts, using the college press as a medium of expression.

The first work to be done is to ascertain what the college women are capable of doing in diversified industry, and then to ascertain what employers want and what they have to offer. The similar bureaus in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia have lent valuable aid in the development of the plan in Chicago. It is the belief of the committees in charge that sufficient funds should be on hand at the opening of the Bureau to insure the payment of all expenses for the first year, after which time it is believed that the Bureau can be made self-sustaining.

Many organizations are interested in the success of the project, and among them are the Chicago Association of Collegiate Alumnæ and the Chicago Alumnæ Associations of Michigan, Illinois, Chicago, of Bryn Mawr, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Northwestern.

FREE PRESS.

I.

One hears a great deal at this time of the year about New Year's resolutions. One becomes in-

(Continued on page 31)

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EDITORIAL.

Happy New Year! There, we've said it; let those who will jeer at our bromidic proclivities. Time-worn the wish may be, yet it can never lose its appropriateness, particularly at this season of the year.

Have you ever wished anyone a Happy New Year, only to feel that nothing in the world could make the New Year a very happy one for that particular person? Isn't it a sad feeling? College new years present a far happier outlook. Here it seems as if there were no one who has not a splendid opportunity for a Happy New Year, in almost any line it may be sought. Nowhere are such chances given to begin over again and to make a good record on one of those "new leaves," so frequently turned over.

Of course the "Academic New Year" begins about the second week of February. There again we have a chance to retrieve fallen fortunes and to make up for the broken resolutions of the past. Yet, wouldn't it be great, if when we come to the next new year, we could forge ahead with an entirely new set of resolutions, instead of having to include some old ones, broken in the past? Let's make one of our resolutions, a sincere attempt to keep unbroken the rest of our resolutions.

Of course we don't all want the same kind of a New Year. Nor will the New Year be the same to all of us. (How monotonous such a thing would be!) For some 1913 will probably be much like the past few years. For others of us, it marks the end of our specific training. Some will live on under our Alma Mater's guidance and some of us will venture out into the "wide, wide world." Whatever really lies in store for us, we know not, yet "hope springs eternal," and we all are looking hopefully and optimistically ahead, ready and anxious for what 1913 may bring.

Happy New Year! May the year mean all you ought to want it to mean, to each and every one of you. Make your good resolutions, while the COLLEGE NEWS promises to join you with some of its own, though the Editorial Fountain Pen drops a skeptical-looking blot.

FREE PRESS—Continued.

clined to take the attitude of those who make the jokes for comic supplements, and to decide that such resolutions are all nonsense. Don't do it, when there is such a need for them along a particular line of our college life. This is about chapel-going.

Now is the time to start in over again; to go every day, rain or shine, quiz or paper. No one can present a single good argument against chapel attendance. No one can deny its good effects and yet we so easily get into the habit of leaving work

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to be done in that half hour, and it grows very hard for us to give up that time.

Often we feel that the ideals of our college are intangible. Yet in this instance no one can deny that it was a very sincere desire on the part of Mr. Durant that the chapel service should be attended by everyone in college. There is no obscurity about what is the right thing to be done. The greater, then, is the reflection against us, who know we should go to chapel, and who really "intend" to go, but who do not go. Add this resolution to your New Year's list, and put it in the class with those which "simply must be kept."

H. G. L., 1913.

$53,000.00 BEING GIVEN AWAY

To those who act as the local representatives of Everybody's Magazine and The Delineator—all in addition to liberal commissions. Let us show you how you can secure a share simply by forwarding the subscriptions of your friends and neighbors and collecting the renewals of our present subscribers. Try for this month's prizes. There are lots of prizes that can be won only by persons living in towns same size as your own. Write at once to the Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York City.

INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS IN SPAIN.

Another proof of the recognition by influential Spaniards of the efficiency and promise of the International Institute at Madrid is the publication of the names of Senor Don Joaquin Sorolla and Senor Don Adolfo Posada as indorsers.

Senor Sorolla is well known to Americans and especially to Bostonians, who will remember the exhibition of his paintings in Copley Hall two years ago. Senor Sorolla's studio and residence is near the institute. A niece of his is a student and pupil-instructor in the school, and one of the Faculty, Miss Coe, of the Chicago Art Institute, is one of his pupils.

Senor Posada is professor of sociology in the University of Madrid and holds a position under the government in the Bureau of Social Reforms. Professor Posada is well known as an author both in England and in the United States. He has corresponded and exchanged books with President-elect Wilson. Senorita Posada, a daughter of Professor Posada, is a member of the Faculty of the Institute. Last year she studied at Newnham College, England.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

NOTICE.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE RECORD.

The Wellesley Record, containing biographical material relating to officers and students (1875-1912) and portraits of Mrs. Durant and the Presidents of the College, is now ready for distribution at a mailing price of 85 cents.

Coin cards for convenience in remitting (or letters in case of those who have already sent money) have been mailed to all subscribers. As soon as the full mailing price (85 cents) is received, together with the statement of the address to which the book should be sent, the Record will at once be mailed.

It is hoped that the coin cards will be used for payments wherever they are received. If checks are sent, it should be noted that checks upon banks outside of New England except New York, Newark, Jersey City, Albany, Philadelphia and Baltimore should be of such a sum as to allow ten cents for the

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N. B. The postage due on the return of the coin card will be at least four cents, and subscribers are asked to note this fact. The Record has already suffered considerable loss in the failure of subscribers to put a sufficient amount of postage on the envelopes containing the filled coin cards.

Address all communications to the Record, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

REPORT OF THE STUDENT-ALUMNÆ BUILDING FUND COMMITTEE.

Balance reported on Alumnæ Day, June 19, 1912,	$30,497.22
Interest, June 1-November 1,	268.43
Mile of pennies,	4.40
New York Wellesley Club,	*1,000.00
Graphology,	10.75
Springfield Wellesley Club,	50.00
Sale of cards,	2.00
	$31,832.80

* This gift was received in June, too late for announcement at Commencement. The total of gifts from the New York Wellesley Club is $1,706.84.

Through an error in reading a pledge, the gift of the Cleveland Wellesley Club was announced at Commencement as $182.00, instead of $200.00, the correct amount.

MARY E. HOLMES,
Chairman of Alumnæ Finance Committee.
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BOSTON OPERA HOUSE, JANUARY 1, 1913.

REPERTORY FOR WEEK BEGINNING JANUARY 6, 1913.

The principal happening of the week at the Boston Opera House will be the first performance for this season of "Pelleas et Melisande," which is set down for Wednesday evening, January 8. This strangely fascinating work by Claude Debussy, the most modern of modernists in operatic composition, created a profound impression last year, not alone through its musical and dramatic values, but also because of the rarely beautiful series of pictures which formed the background for the poetry of the narrative.

Another French opera, but this time an old favorite,—"Carmen,"—will have its first hearing on Saturday night. Although, as usual, the prices will be on the popular scale, the title role will be assumed by Mme. Gay, the most famous Carmen of the day and a much more than competent coterie of artists will assist her. Fernand de Potter will be the Don Jose and Jose Mardones, the Escamillo, than whom there is no better. Diamond Donner, whose debut as Mimi was one of the most pleasurable successes of the season, will sing Micaela.

The fourth subscription performance of "Louise" will be sung on Friday night, with the cast of Saturday afternoon,—that of the premiere, with the exception of a new Julien in the person of Mr. Zenatello, instead of Mr. Clement. Mr. Caplet will direct the orchestra.

On Saturday afternoon, "La Boheme" which has been one of the season's most popular offerings, will be given what is likely to be its last presentation. The Mimi again will be Lucrezia Bori, who has charmed all beholders on the occasion of each of her three previous appearances in the part. The Rodolfo will be Leon Laffitte, the new French tenor whose portrayal proved interesting and satisfactory on first acquaintance, and Mme. Dereyne will sing Musetta as she alone can.

Note: Our readers will be interested to recall that Miss Donner, who is to sing Saturday night, is a Wellesley Alumna, Class 1901.

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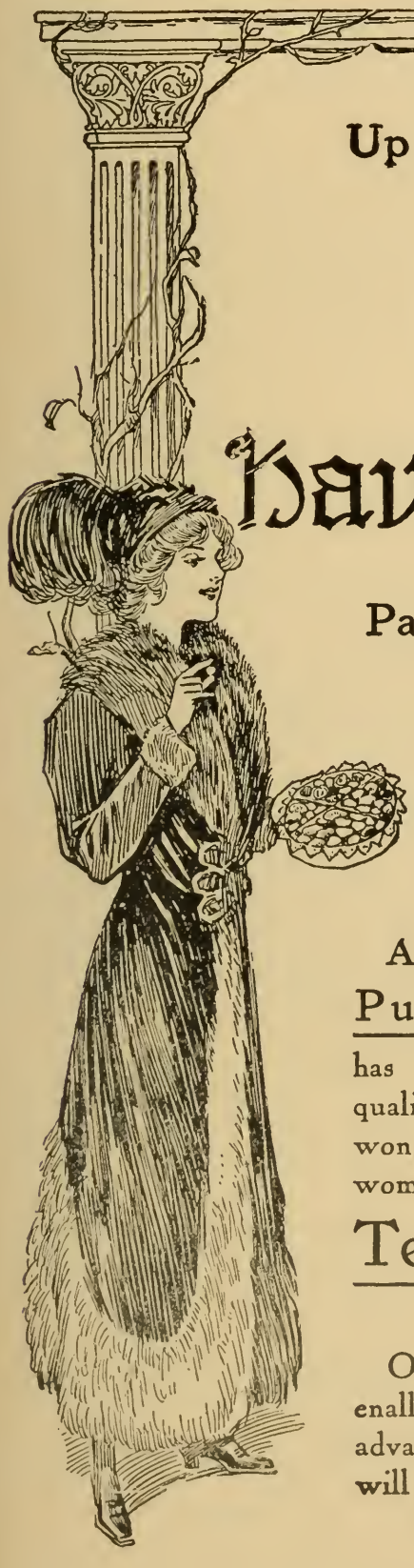

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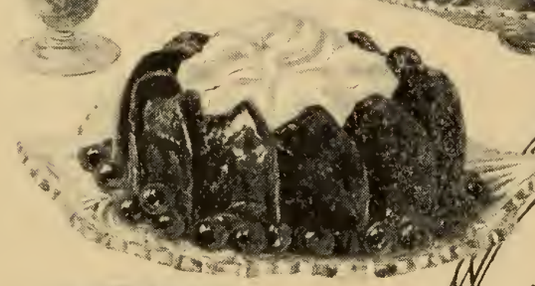

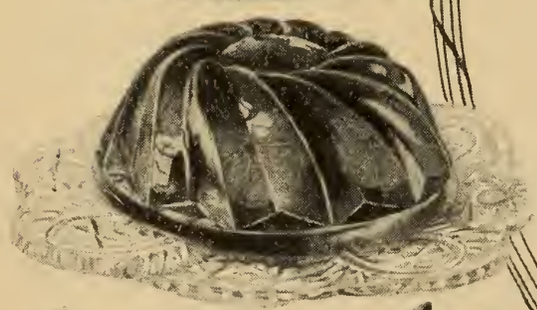

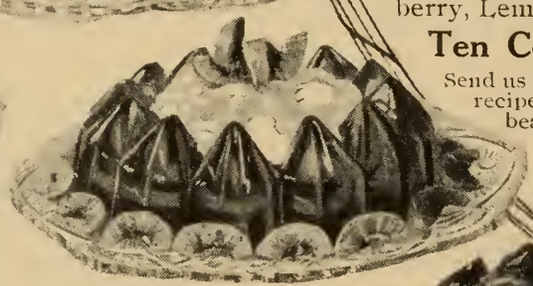

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